

The TAMARACK



RING NUMBER

F. STORM



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*Spokane's
Cash Store
for all
the People*

The Palace

CORNER MAIN AVE. AND POST ST.

Owned and Operated by the Spokane Dry Goods Co.

*The Popular
Cash Store
for
Tamarack
Readers*

**A Store
for
High
School
Girls
and Boys**



IN order to have this a store for all the people it must necessarily be a store for High School boys and girls. To make it your store we have secured the kind of apparel that will interest you.

Style and quality go hand in hand with popular low cash prices here. Here are a few of the special lines secured expressly for Spokane High School girls and boys.

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College Cut Suits in Blue Serge, Nobby Greys, Browns and Tans.
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Shirts in neat stripes, coat styles, with stiff or soft cuffs **55c, 83c and \$1.00**

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Middy Blouses in Norfolk style. Latest models at **98c**

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**Dairy
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Shop Folk say

"HOW"

And express Good Wishes
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And an Invitation to Visit Us in Our
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**SOUTHWEST CORNER of
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We Believe We've Served You Well,
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Be True to N. C. H. S. Boost Those Who Boost N. C. H. S.

John W. Graham & Co.

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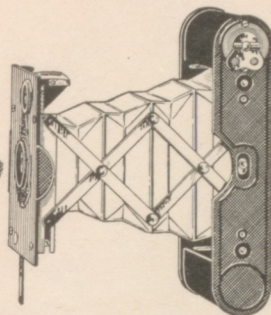
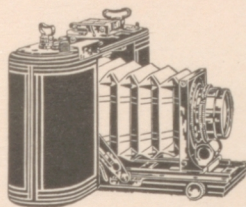
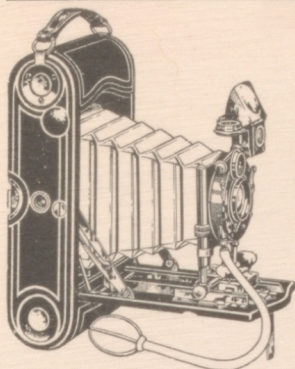
SPOKANE

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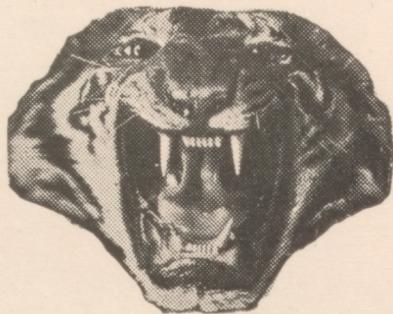
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- ¶ Our portraits combine the most pleasing characteristics of the subject with our high standard of quality and workmanship.
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- ¶ Our prices are very moderate.
- ¶ Visitors welcome.

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is unexcelled in quality
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Mill
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SPOKANE

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**Smart
Clothes**



OUR VALUES

are all summed up
under the brief words

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We could take much time and
space in telling the merits of
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better still we ask you to call
and see for yourself.

**FOGELQUIST
CLOTHING CO.**

Good Clothes

Right Prices

Help the Tamarack Grow. Patronize Our Advertisers.

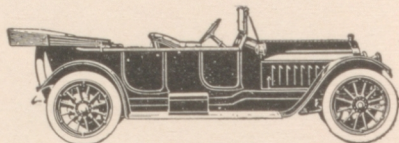
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The Car That is Writing Gasoline History

Model 60 T

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F. O. B. Spokane

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Cole Spokane Motor Co.,

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Manager

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The Best Ice Cream

is furnished by the

HAZELWOOD DAIRY

***The Home of Pure Milk
Cream and Ice Cream***

Phone Main 5147

Brown and Pacific

The Yakey - Mathis Company

THE STORE FOR HIGH GRADE GROCERIES

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NOT HOW CHEAP---BUT HOW GOOD

PHONES : Maxwell 1290
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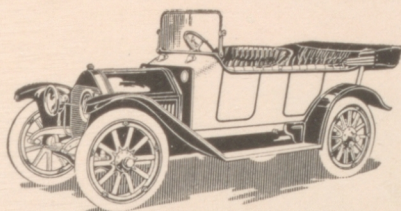
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Why?

Because of its gearless transmission. The CARTER CAR is noted for its Simplicity, Durability and Low Cost Up Keep. If you don't believe this

Come in and See Us--Seeing is Believing



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Hamburgers, Weiners, everything in the way of Lunches Full line of Soft Drinks

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The Best Place to Buy a Piano



is **EILERS MUSIC HOUSE**

Here you may choose from the
world's oldest and best make

Chickering & Sons
and 20 Other Famous Makes

Medium grade instruments are sold by us at lower prices
than you can secure the same quality elsewhere.

Our line of Player-Pianos is the best in the land and we
sell them all on
very easy terms.

We invite in-
vestigation.



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Post

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E. J. Hyde Jewelry Co.

(INCORPORATED)

Manufacturing Jewelers
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Telephone Main 1571

609 Sprague Avenue

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Chicken Tamales**

Ice Cream, Sherbets

Hot and Cold

Drinks

always ready for you at

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Both Phones

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Diamond

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THE TEACHER

Makes the school. We have the most
expert and successful teachers in

**Gregg Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Touch Typewriting, Zaner's
Penmanship, English, etc.,**

in the entire west. That's a good reason why you should
attend

THE *Plain Business College*

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Athletic Goods

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Fine Groceries and Table
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Wines and Liquors



Sprague and Wall
Spokane, Wn.

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Class Pins Frat Pins
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We duplicate any Class Pin
Made

Largest Factory in the In-
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Snap---
Style---
Complete
Clothes
Satisfaction in
every

'FAMOUS'

\$27.50 Suit

\$20 \$25

Perfect \$15
Fit---

Stylish Hats
Fine Furnishings

Famous Clothing Co
110 N. Post St.



Sincerity
Clothes
GIVEN BY NAME CO.

Present Your Tamarack Cards at Every Purchase.

*"He who Saves and Goes Without
will Live to Buy Out the Spender"*

Start a Savings Account now—and
the habit of having "money in the
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ARTISTIC PRINTING for SOCIETY
FUNCTIONS

HIGH GRADE ENGRAVING for
INVITATIONS and ANNOUNCEMENTS



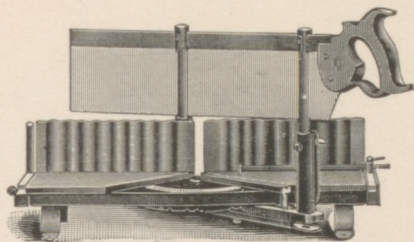
Shaw & Borden Co
SPOKANE



SURVEYOR'S and ENGINEER'S SUPPLIES
or SCHOOLS and COLLEGES

KODAKS, CAMERAS and PHOTOGRAPHIC
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We carry tools that cannot be bought
in any other store in Spokane. Try us

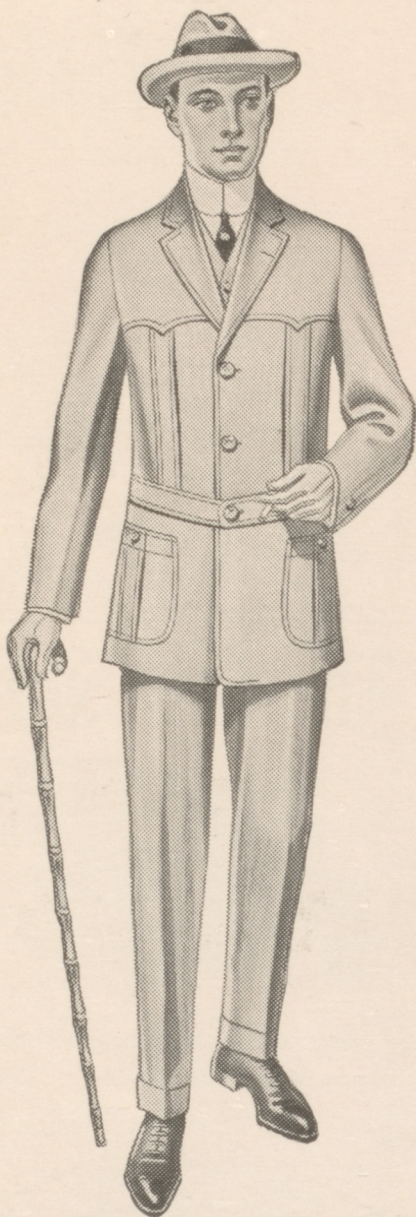


125 Howard 609 Main

You Must Patronize Our Advertisers.

It Pays To Trade at the

I X L



You fellows who know the value of good clothes and the importance of having them express your personality, will find here just the kind of clothes you are looking for

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Designed
Young Mens Clothes

There is no 'cut and dried' hand-me-down look to these clothes, all hand tailored with a snap and dash that is considerably out of the ordinary.

In them you get the personal touches of the exclusive custom tailors, out of them you get the service and endurance of real quality clothes.

There is one of these suits waiting for you here that will express your personality to a dot---that will make you stand out from your fellow men.

The I X L Clothing Co.

HOME OF YOUNG MENS CLOTHES

Be Fair to the Tamarack by Showing Your Cards.

*You Appreciate Cleanliness
You Enjoy Comfort
Economy is Your Watchword*

An
All-Gas Kitchen
Makes them all Possible

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*No fires to build No kindling to Split
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Kitchen always comfortable
Dinner always ready on time
Cook always pleased*

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Groceries--Confectionery

“He who eateth here
waxeth fat”

North Central
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01705 Howard St.

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**Quick
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AND
Binders

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==== Quality Druggists =====

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Our New Spring Styles

IN FOOTWEAR

We are especially proud of our new pumps, strap slippers and Oxfords because they have more style and character than ever before. Call, it is a pleasure to show them.

HILL BROS. SHOE CO.

520 Riverside

"The Home of Good Shoes"

ART PRINTING COMPANY

1806 North Monroe

PRINTING

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Help Make the Tamarack. You Know How.

The Tamarack

Vol. 4

MAY, 1913

No. 5

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Business Manager

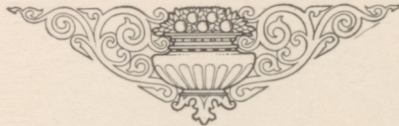
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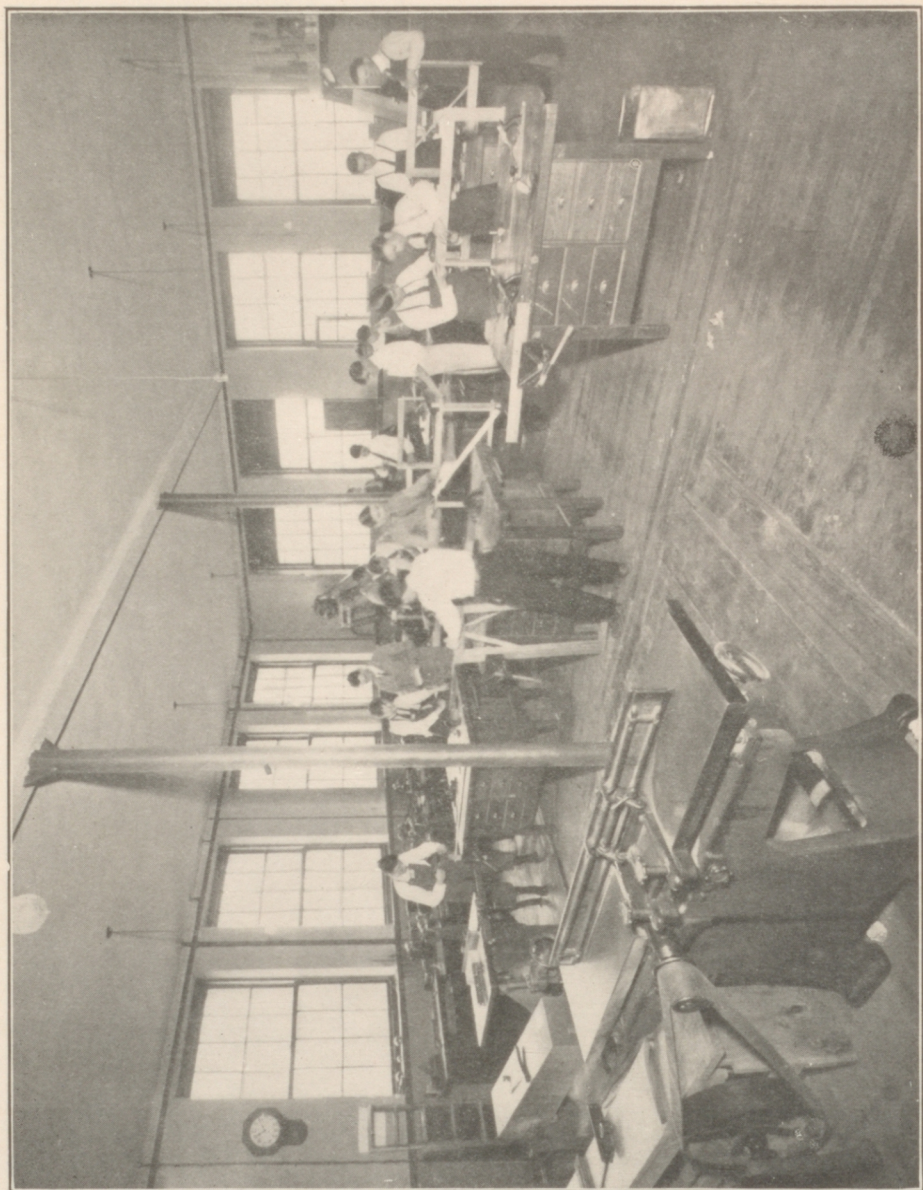
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Get Acquainted With All of Our Advertisers.



SHOP ROOM---Manual Training Dept., N. C. H. S.

Manual Training

There has been a great hue and cry about the failure of the high schools to teach useful and practical things. Such statements, however, usually come from outsiders, insufficiently acquainted with the facts. This semester over 25 per cent of the students are enrolled in the Manual Arts course alone. A glance at the work done in this course will show that it comes under the head of the practical.

The work on the boys' side of the house is divided into two distinct parts, shop work and mechanical drawing. Yet the two are closely related, and in the regular Manual Arts course they are taken by the pupils together for the first two years.

The shop is an intensely practical place. The buzz of saws, the hammering of nails, the busy, overall-clad boys, would easily lead one to imagine he were in the shops of a manufacturing concern rather than in a high school classroom. Indeed, in many respects it is a queer classroom. In place of dictionaries and grammars, it has lathes, bandsaws, joiners, sanding machines and grinders; instead of paper and pencils it has lumber and nails; for the traditional "schoolmarm" it has a teacher working side by side with the students.

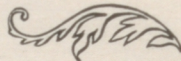
The work of the shops appeals to the creative instinct. When a student has finished, he has something tangible to show for his work. He can truthfully say, "I have created something; I can make something that is useful." It is a sensation that Latin or Algebra fails to produce. But the process is a long one. The Freshman is first initiated into the use of his tools, that he may hammer a nail without serious injury to his fingers. Before the term is out he has learned to use the lathe and do turning work. There is a superabundance of gavels turned out by the Freshmen yearly. Whether they share the same ambition for themselves as are attributed to their mothers, I cannot say. During the second year their instruction is of a particularly beneficial nature. It is the actual building of houses. True, they are miniature ones, but they amply illustrate the various kinds of carpentry, from making the framework to shingling. The work is new, but is proving a decided success. The third year is devoted to pattern-making, the fourth to furniture making. The boys learn to make tables, chairs, and couches of the finest quality. When they have finished a piece they are allowed to keep it as a souvenir. It isn't often that one can obtain a dining room table or an easy armchair for a souvenir. The work can hardly be called anything but practical.

SPRING NUMBER

Turning our attention to the drawing, we find the same spirit pervading. They claim that mechanical drawing is fundamental to any constructive activity whatsoever; that whether a boy intends to be an engineer or a carpenter, or what not, the drawing will be of benefit to him; and they proceed on this basic idea. One of the main advantages over ordinary classwork is the fact that all the work is done at school. There is no outside home work. The pupil is always under the direction of his instructor. Distractions and social activities, which often interfere with home work, are thus excluded.

The four years' course is a very complete one. In the first and second years the boy is taught the use of his instruments, the construction of geometrical figures, lettering, the theory of projections, intersections, developments and simple machine work. The third year is devoted to machine drawing. The department has three engines, one steam and two gas, one a vertical marine and the other an ordinary horizontal engine. They take these apart, study their structure, apply tests to them, and design engines of their own. The course in Architectural Drawing makes a fitting close. The student chooses some definite location and proceeds to draw up the plans for a dwelling to be built there. Plans from the leading architects of the city serve as models. The student's plans of about fifteen plats include side, back and front elevations, floor plans, heating and plumbing arrangements, etc. All stresses and strains must be calculated, so that the floors would not give way if a piano were brought in. Beside this, the student must make out a complete set of specifications and estimate the cost of the whole building. Surely the knowledge of how to build a house would be useful to anyone.

The work of the department is in charge of Mr. Smith, who has attended the University of Valparaiso, the University of Chicago, Bradley Polytechnic Institute and Stout Polytechnic Institute; Mr. Miller, a W. S. C., who is at the present time Supervisor of Manual Training in the city, and Mr. Carpenter, a graduate of the Lewis Institute, and formerly Supervisor of Manual Training in Decatur, Ill. It is hoped that many pupils who do not care to take a shop course will avail themselves of the opportunity offered by the special drawing classes.



Domestic Science

Some twenty years ago the world considered it a folly to study in school the arts of sewing, cooking, and general housekeeping. Now, however, a girl is urged to take domestic science. The course has been planned over and over again in those twenty years until now it is seemingly perfect. Domestic science, as it is taught in our school, teaches a girl to be responsible, to be able to cook, and to sew, as occasion demands.

We have five very capable teachers in this department: Miss Anna M. Rogers, the head of the department; Miss Stowell, Miss Hitchcock, Miss Booth and Miss Olney.

The first year is devoted to cooking; the first semester, to the preparation of all simple foods, as cereals, vegetables, plain puddings, meats, eggs, etc. With this, the equipment and care of the kitchen is fully explained, and one day a week is spent in the study of physiology and hygiene, two necessary subjects in this course. The second semester, flour mixtures, salad dressings, frying and sauteing, preparation of beverages and the serving of simple meals is thoroughly gone over. Nor is this all. Time is taken to visit markets and factories, and outside reading is required on the history of foods. Drawing is also taken during this year, under the direction of Miss Stowell.

The second year is devoted to sewing, under the direction of Miss Olney and Miss Booth. First, plain hand-sewing is taught. A full set of undergarments is made by hand and machine. The history, use, and care of the sewing machine are given thoughtful study. Drawing is taken, also, and in this the harmony of colors and simple designing are given. The second semester, a kimona, thin waist, and a shirtwaist suit, of wool or cotton, are made. The mending and repairing of garments are carefully gone over. With this the flax fiber is studied from its growth to the completed thread and fabric. The colors, form, lines, and texture are fully discussed by the class. In drawing, the harmony of colors is continued along with the designing of dresses and patterns.

The third year is devoted to cooking. The first semester, canning, preserving, the preparation of cakes, salads, and chafing-dish cookery is taken up. Then, too, the serving of simple meals at limited cost is thoroughly worked out. The care of the dining room and table is studied, with laundry work. In theoretical work, the study of bacteriology and economics is required. In the study of economics, marketing and accounts are taken up. The second semester is occupied with the study of fancy cookery, home nursing, and sanitation. In the study of home nursing a



A COOKING CLASS

full knowledge of infant and invalid dietary is obtained. Meals for invalids are prepared and served, and the care of an invalid, the care of the sickroom, and emergencies are given attention. Sanitation is also carefully investigated, water and milk supplies, laws of the Board of Health, plumbing, ventilation, heating, etc.

The fourth year is occupied with sewing. A wool suit is made the first semester, and the altering of old material is also required. Designs for embroidery on household linen are made in drawing and then are neatly worked out in sewing. The study of wool and silk is given time, also. In the second semester the girls make designs for a hand-made waist, for embroidery and hats in drawing, and then work them out in sewing class. The hats, especially, that are made are distinctive and show the wearer's own individuality. Essays on the history and art of designing and on the history of costumes are required before the course is finished. Then plans for the furnishing of a house, rugs, portieres, curtains, etc., are looked into.

The object of this course is to teach a girl to be a capable housewife—that is, to manage a home in the best possible way. She is also expected to be a betterment to the community in which she lives. Surely, with the above training, she can be all these, and if she is the high school has, indeed, served a useful purpose.



Editorials

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

EVERY day we see or hear about men who are considered great or successful, yet how many would still be great if we apply the rule that greatness is measured by the ratio of achievement to opportunity? Booker T. Washington is one of the few men who could stand the test. His achievements are infinitely great; his opportunities infinitely small. How many of us have to battle against a race prejudice and hatred as the negroes did at the close of the Civil War? How many of us have had to walk five hundred miles to obtain but the meager elements of education? How many of us would esteem it a luxury to be allowed two spoonfuls of molasses for Sunday dinner? When we consider these things and how Booker T. Washington has risen above them, how he has made himself one of the greatest living orators, black or white, and a writer among writers, how he has dedicated his life to raising the negro from a state of ignorance and brutality to one of education and industry, we can but marvel. The great change he wrought in his life is vividly shown by his two trips to Richmond, first a penniless negro boy, without a name, sleeping under Richmond's sidewalks; second, a mighty orator, for whom the legislature of the state of Virginia adjourned that it might hear him speak. Moreover, he has evolved a philosophy which his life best illustrates, namely, that a life of service is not a life of sacrifice; that the man who lives for self is the man who really sacrifices true happiness and the better things of life.

For the opportunity of hearing this man we should be truly thankful. The simplicity, the earnestness, the eloquence of his speech may well serve as models for our would-be orators. We may well take his philosophy to heart. Consider this typical statement: "I belong to a race that has a problem, and my friends, I wouldn't care to live in any country where there weren't problems to overcome. Why, we have work to do, and I can see no class that is more to be congratulated." Can we say as much?

CREDIT FOR PHYSICAL TRAINING.

Why not give credit for physical training? Does not the pupil earn a half-credit for a semester's work? Surely, looking at it from the standpoint of benefit, he does. So much has been written and spoken upon the subject of health and bodily strength that it is not necessary to add much here. Few, indeed, there are who would not admit that any pupil receives as much benefit from a half-year's gym work as he does from chorus, to say nothing of those who believe that it is one of the most important things in the high schools; yet we give credit for the latter but not for the former. The fact that it is compulsory with the freshmen boys shows we appreciate the good it does. Surely, then, it can not be from this standpoint. Is it because we think that there is not enough work connected with it, that we would be giving credit for play? On the contrary, do we not consider that the more enjoyable the work the better the results? Exercises taken in play do more good than those taken purely as exercises. But it is not all fun by any means. There is good hard work, and plenty of it. Let him who disbelieves spend a period in the gym, and he will be convinced that he has worked as hard as he ever did in a classroom. Surely three periods a week are deserving of half a credit. Are we afraid that requiring it for graduation and giving it credit will interfere with the amount of scholastic work done? This need not be the case. For those going to college there is a leeway of two credits, as the high school requires thirty-two for graduation, the colleges but thirty for entrance. For those not going to college it will make no difference. Lastly, do we hesitate because we imagine no other schools are doing it? Poor as the reason is, it is not true. Californian and many other secondary schools give credit; so, also, most colleges. Why should we not do it? It is only fair to those who have to take gym work, and it will remove that work from the unimportant place it now occupies and give it its rightful standing among the studies of the curriculum.

A MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL EXAMINATION.

While we are considering the question of physical training in the high schools, there is another matter that attention should be called to. Every boy and girl in the high school ought to receive a thorough medical and physical examination at least once a year. We have already taken steps along this line and are now far in advance of many schools, but there is no reason why we should stop as long as there is something better which we may obtain. Our examinations should be both medical and

physical; they should be given to everyone, whether they are taking gymnasium work or not. Some interesting results are shown by the College of the City of New York. This institution has an enrollment three or four times that of our own school. All pupils in the preparatory department and in the first and second years of college are given thorough examinations twice a year. The school has the authority to compel the students to attend to any trouble from which they may be suffering. The following was the result: Thirteen hundred were treated for decayed teeth, 574 for defective vision, 283 for enlarged tonsils, 82 for trachoma, 75 for hernia, and 96 for incipient pulmonary trouble. Though this ratio probably would not hold here, yet it would be interesting and instructive to determine exactly what it is. We might be surprised.

REVISED SPELLING.

Language is ever changing. In two or three hundred years the English of today will be as hard for our descendants to read as Spenser or Chaucer is for the average person today. And just as we consider our English a vast improvement over that used by Chaucer, so will the people of the future consider theirs an improvement upon ours; and there is every reason to believe that they will be right. There is already a great movement on foot to improve the language by simplifying the spelling. We have retained many awkward and cumbersome words and many monstrosities in spelling because no concerted action could be taken, and because the doctrine of "laissez faire" has been too deeply imbedded in human nature.

If we take a critical glance at our spelling, it must be apparent to anyone that in a great many cases the spelling of a word varies widely from the accepted pronunciation of that word. Now, the printed word should correspond to the spoken word. Such a relationship would greatly remedy the poor spelling and faulty pronunciation so prevalent in the United States today. We have our words written over phonetically in the dictionaries so we may be able to pronounce them. Why not write them that way to begin with? The movement is steadily gaining ground. "Thru" and "tho" and similar words are generally recognized as correct now, where a few years ago they would have been considered meaningless. Reed College, at Portland, has adopted phonetic spelling extensively, and while to read one of their catalogs and find "hed" for "head," and "fonograf" for "phonograph" seems amusing, yet it is the forerunner of what will soon be adopted as correct in spelling. Some of the changes recently recommended by the Simplified Spelling Board are interesting. For instance, all, fall, shall are spelled like they are in Chaucer, with one "l," as "al," "fal," "shal." Are, were, have are spelled "ar," "wer," "hav,"

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respectively. If, however, we admit that silent letters are useless, that words should be pronounced and spelled alike, then we should not let conventionality and custom stand in our way and keep us from adopting a needed reform.

To the Editor:

There is a suggestion I wish to voice in the Tamarack—a suggestion which I hope will meet with the approval of the faculty and students.

There is a North Central school song, "Alma Mater," which was composed by a member of the June '12 class and sung by her at Commencement. It is a beautiful song, with original music by a Spokane musician. Yet, as a school song, it has never met with recognition by the school. The reason for this cannot be that we are amply supplied with school songs. While we have a number of good school yells, we have only one very short school song. It is true that there is nothing like the "Red and Black" for most occasions, but for the more state occasions we really need a longer, more impressive song, an admirable example of which is "Alma Mater."

We depend on our orchestra and choruses for the representative music of the school. Therefore, it lies in their power to make possible the adoption of "Alma Mater" as a school song.

I would suggest that the chorus members request Mr. Rice to appoint a committee to make arrangements for learning the song. The committee could procure the song from Mr. Sawtelle, and the Commercial department would aid them in preparing a number of type-written copies. When the chorus classes had learned the song, it would not be long until the whole school could sing it.

Or, if the chorus fail to learn the song, Mr. Hargreaves might suggest that each class learn the song before a stated time. Then there could be a tryout in convocation to see which class had succeeded best.

In the short period of North Central's existence as a school we have made enviable progress in our literary, athletic, dramatic, and musical attempts. Our success has been due, in a vast measure, to the congenial co-operation of the faculty and student body. That this happy co-operation may make possible the adoption of "Alma Mater" as one of our school songs is the wish of

A POST-GRADUATE.

Besides the three winners in the Tamarack Short Story Contest, the following stories received honorable mention: "The Black Sheep," by David Kirk; "'is Lordship," by Elizabeth Farquhar, and "When the Forest Fire Brought Peace," by Stuart Lower.

Alumni

Harold Cundy, Leon Hills, and Stanton Hall, all of whom attend W. S. C. at Pullman, visited North Central during their spring vacation. All are enthusiastic about the State College, but they seemed to be perfectly content to wander about North Central's halls for a time. Harold is the cartoonist for the college paper, "The Evergreen," and Stanton is a member of the college basket ball team and prominent in other athletics. Olive Turner is the secretary of the Freshman class at Pullman. Jacob Foss, June, '12, is the only other North Central graduate at Pullman, and these five are trying to interest our students in the college.

The Freshman edition of "The University of Washington Daily" gives us a good deal of information concerning our alumni there. Louis Seagrave, the first editor of the Tamarack, is Freshman editor of the paper. Vincent White is one of the associate editors, while Paul Neill is a reporter of the staff. Neva Bucher is a member of the Freshman class picnic committee.

Mabel Carlson, June '12, is attending the Randolph Macon Women's College, at Lynchburg, Virginia.

John Truesdell and Chris Rohwer, June '12, are at the State "U" this year.

Bernice Hare, January '13, has gone to Seattle to attend the annual house party of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity.

Gracia Nicholas, January '13, is attending the Counselman Commercial College, in this city.

The engagement of Florence Steffer, January '12, to James C. Harris of this city was recently announced. The wedding is to take place in the fall.

Ethel Wiedeman, January, '13 is employed in the office of the Spokesman-Review.

Miss Fargo is making a valuable addition to our library by collecting and binding back numbers of magazines. If you have any old magazines at home which you do not want, you can greatly aid in extending our reference department by donating them to the library. Take a half-hour tomorrow and gather together your old magazines. They will be greatly appreciated.

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INTERCLASS DEBATES.

The first series of interclass debates were held in the various session rooms. On March 19 the Freshman A and B classes met. The question for discussion was, "Resolved, That moving pictures, as they now exist, are beneficial." The Freshman B class, represented by Morton Margollyes and Mardee Jenson, upheld the affirmative of this question, while the negative was supported by the Freshman A class, represented by Wayland Sloan and Alfred McFarland. The decision of the judges was unanimous in favor of the affirmative.

On March 20 the two Junior classes met in room 205. The question of the Junior debate was "Resolved, That the United States should release all claim on the Philippine Islands at the end of eight years." The Junior B class, composed of Donald Stewart and Merritt Penrose, upheld the affirmative, while the negative was upheld by the Junior A class, represented by Earl Stimpson and Harold Kenyon. The Junior A class won by a unanimous decision of the judges.

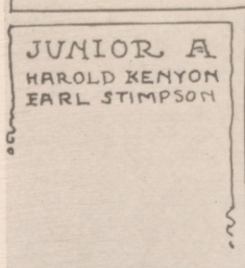
On the same afternoon, in room 305, the Senior classes held their debate. The Senior A class was represented by Gayton Knight and Arthur Simon and upheld the negative of the question, "Resolved, That secret societies should be permitted in high schools." The Senior B class supported the affirmative of this question and was represented by Howard Potter and William Eddy. The decision of the judges was three to nothing in favor of the negative.

The Sophomore classes held their debate in room 205 at 8 o'clock, March 21. The question was, "Resolved, That the United States should own and operate all railroads in the United States." Ward Walker and Emma Londerville were the representatives of the Sophomore B class and upheld the affirmative of this question, while Robert O'Brien and Russell White, representing the Sophomore A class, upheld the negative. The contest was interesting throughout, but the decision of the judges was three to nothing in favor of the negative.

In the semi-final contests the Freshman B's will meet the Sophomore A's on the question, "Resolved, That the president of the United States should serve but one term of six years." The Sophomores will uphold the affirmative of the question and the Freshmen the negative. The Seniors will defend the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That the short ballot should be adopted in this state" against the Juniors.



SENIOR A
GAYTON KNIGHT
ARTHUR SIMON



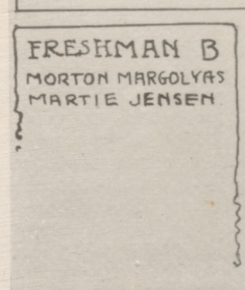
JUNIOR A
HAROLD KENYON
EARL STIMPSON



INTERCLASS DEBATERS



SOPHMORE A
ROBERT O'BRIEN
RUSSEL WHITE



FRESHMAN B
MORTON MARGOLYAS
MARTIE JENSEN





(First Prize, Tamarack Story Contest.)

IT'S WORKING out beautifully," said Marion aloud. On account of the chauffeur they spoke in low undertones. Nothing must go wrong now, when so much had been done and there was so much more to do. Marion herself was in a flutter of excitement. Excitement, the man beside her was thinking, was very becoming to her.

"I never was married in all my life before, and I never expect to be again—often," she added.

He turned to her.

"Often! Change it to 'never,' quick," he demanded with firm savagery. He made a threatening move toward the window of the motor.

"Well, shall I put my head out and shout, 'Here, here, this way to the newly-married couple?'

"Say it over again, right quick!"

"And I never expect to be married again—never—unless I find someone who suits," she added obstinately.

The next few moments were kept secret, but Marion, neat as a pin in all things, was heard to say:

"Dick! Stop that! My hat is getting broken! Oh, the public, Dick, the dear people!" And she positively wailed.

So Dick yielded, as he had thus soon begun to yield her all things. This runaway ride to the little branch railroad had been of Marion's planning, and he had acquiesced in it. She it was who had innocently suggested, in the midst of their little after-wedding reception, that they run across the yard and bid dear old lame Miss Emma good-bye. He was not quite recovered yet from his surprise at finding hats, coats, suit cases, awaiting them there, and this motor. Miss Emma herself had presided over the fleeing with wicked old glee. And here they were running for their lives.

"Oh, Dick, it's great—great!" crowed Marion at the

fresh thought of the plan she had carried out. "I was inspired. You never in your stupid life would have thought of all the trimmings. Here at this glorious minute those poor deluded people are chasing the bridal motor down A street, up B street and through C! And Lillian leading them on with Rob Blair. I told them to look out of the window, now and then, with just a little, wicked, misleading look!"

The motor had turned into an old country road and was gliding peacefully along between orchards and hayfields. The town had been left behind; there were still several miles to go.

"Dick." The young bride had actually, for the length of a stone wall, been silent. The face she turned to the man beside her was very thoughtful.

"I've made another plan, Dick, yes, and trimmed it. You must help me, so promise now, before I unfold it—promise!"

"Gracious help me! Yes!" People always promised Merion. There was no chance for a husband.

"You dear! Well, it's this, Dick. We've got to put people off the scent and I just won't sit up in a car seat beside you—you needn't look reproachful—and have people winking 'bridal couple' to each other. I've done it myself—picked out a bride, you know. But this bride isn't going to be picked out."

Dick Morton regarded his young bride helplessly. Women had no end of notions. Now, for himself, in his present state of bliss, it wouldn't be a bad thing to be "picked out." But he was, it seemed, expected to co-operate in a great public-defying scheme.

"We will talk about the scenery and the weather," he offered brilliantly.

"The surest sign!" scorned Marion. "No, I have a lovely idea. It's truly the simplest thing in the world, but I don't believe any one ever thought of it before."

"There never was any one like you, you——"

"Don't interrupt!" with a great effort to draw the mask of severity over her face. "This is it: I enter the car alone with my umbrella and bag, quite like any woman traveling alone. I take a seat, I settle myself comfortably, I begin to read an interesting book——"

"Hold on! Where does the young husband come in?"

"He doesn't come in," serenely. "You enter the car, say at the next station, look about carelessly, discover your friend—me, you know—and then you will come up and shake hands with me and say, 'Why, this is a pleasant surprise!' Hold out your hand, Dick, and we'll practice."

He extended his hand and said obediently, "Why, this is a pleasant surprise, to meet my wife on my wed——"

"Dick! Aren't you going to be a good boy? It's such a lovely, original plan. Now you listen. We shake hands like long-lost friends, you sit down beside me and we chat comfortably all the rest of the way. Nobody winks 'bridal couple,' and all goes merrily as——"

"A marriage bell."

But Marion wasn't to be discouraged.

"Remember! I get on alone. You must stay in a rear car. Promise, Dick! You won't spoil my pet plan? Dick, please!"

Then Dick made another mistake. He promised.

"But," he added, "something might come up."

"Yes, you might, at the wrong minute. That would be the only trouble. Promise you will not appear till we stop at the second station—please, Dick."

Again he promised; so the anxieties of the little bride were laid aside, even the one that had to do with the dainty new hat. World-old, today—new bliss descended upon the couple and filled to a beautiful overflowing the motor. From his place the driver caught occasional glimpses of it and fell to whistling snatches of little love tunes he had known in his younger years.

At the small country station Marion awoke to her plan again, and while they waited for the train reviewed it at great length.

"My heart is set on its being carried out exactly. It's the greatest plan ever, Dick, and it's all my own, too—you haven't got a thing to do but stay away until the right time comes. You ought to be thankful to have all your planning done for you."

Dick Morton made a wry face, but because his heart was 'set' on Marion, he yielded again. There was really nothing to do but yield.

"But look here," he exclaimed as they started to their feet when the faint sound of a distant whistle reached their ears, "when are we going to decide where we are going. That ought to come in somewhere."

"When you come in," laughed Marion. "There will be plenty of time. Oh, isn't this going to be the dearest, most uncut-and-dried wedding trip that ever was tripped?"

The little station was a flag station, and Marion insisted upon waving the flag herself under the direction of the old station master. Dick was made to stand in the background in as disconnected a manner as possible.

Without as much as a glance in his direction, Marion, with her bag and umbrella, calmly boarded the next to the last car. She selected a seat and arranged herself in it in a beautiful, leisurely manner she was sure was successful. She was filled with childlike glee. Let them whisper "Newly-married" now! Let them wink, blink and smile! What connection with a blushing bride had she? Or the single gentleman in the rear car?

Poor Dick! In her new leisure Marion thought of him with unexpected compunction. When she opened her book, his face looked up at her with reproach. Dick's picture—Marion had forgotten she had slipped his picture in there at the last moment. With very hot cheeks she hastily concealed it, and only by the exercise of great self-control kept from looking guiltily around her. This was a poor beginning; so she set herself to reading with rigid severity.

But poor Dick! The words on the page she read all seemed to spell Dick. What was he doing back there all alone? He must be horribly lonesome! Marion knew, because she was horribly lonesome. A wish to slip back and join him almost overwhelmed her. Then she looked down at her book and laughed at the absurdity of her plan. The passengers around her wondered what the book said that was so irresistibly humorous to the sedate, proper young person who was reading.

The train moved at a snail's pace, or else the next station must be a very great ways off. Perhaps it was both. Why had she said he must wait two stations? One would have been so much better. What if the train ran off the track between now and—

"Ticket!"

The conductor stood at her elbow with brisk, official indifference to the dismay his appearance was causing in the mind of the young lady in front of him. Marion gasped in spite of herself. For the space of a moment she felt the ruins of her "lovely plan" crash down about her ears. Ticket? Why was the man asking for what was in Dick's pocket? She rummaged distractedly in her bag. Why! It was not there! She lifted an innocent face to the man beside her. It must have slipped into the lining—she must have lost it—it was not there!

She hastily gathered up her dignity.

"I will pay my fare; how much is it?" Her fingers hovered about the dainty purse.

A sudden smile broke over the blank area of the conductor's face, and a hint of fatherly patience followed in its wake.

"It depends," he said gently, "on where you are going."

Oh, where she was going! Dick had agreed to buy the tickets "by stages" to escape the usual cut-and-dried wedding journey. They had meant to choose between the mountains and the sea, postponing the decision until the last exciting moment. But Marion, desperate, chose now. Scrambling together once more the shreds of her poor little dignity, she mentioned clearly the name of a sea place and paid her fare. A sense of tragedy cleverly averted filled her with undue pride; but if Dick had only been there!

"Poor Dick!" Marion thought, but it was "Poor

Marion!" she really meant. They drew into the first station; to Marion it seemed as though the second station would never be reached. The great trainshed was teeming with humanity, but to Marion, watching from the window, is was empty. None of the faces was Dick's.

The moments in the big depot were endless to Marion, but at last the train moved off to the blessed Mecca of the second station. Marion felt like running up and down the aisle—it was terrible to sit still.

Marion never knew what suddenly made her turn and look behind her. Then horrible dread settled into the lines of her face—there was no rear car! The world was slipping out from under her. They had switched Dick off!

"Oh!" she groaned in horror. Limp in her seat she sat and tried to face this fresh calamity. She looked out of the window and tried to think of something to alleviate her present difficulties, but all she could think of was Dick—Dick switched off and headed for the mountains and she was going toward the sea!

Meanwhile the train glided on. The man across the aisle read stock reports carefully, the woman ahead slept, the people behind, across, in front, appeared calm and content. Only she was drowning in a sea of trouble.

"Putnam! Put-nam!" roared the brakeman in her ears. Putnam was the name of the second station, but it was no longer a Mecca to Marion. It might have been the tenth, fifteenth, twentieth station. She leaned back against the cushions and closed her eyes; there was nothing to see.

But there was something to hear.

"Why, this is a pleasant surprise!"

"Dick!" her big blue eyes flew open. She leaped to her feet and almost hugged him, much to the surprise of the people about her.

"Dick, Dick! How did you ever switch on again? Sit down at once and tell me! Oh, you needn't look like a chance acquaintance any more. I want them all to know. I'm willing the brakeman should shout at the door 'Bride 'n groom! Bride 'n groom!' I've had all the lovely original ideas I want. I'll never start out on my wedding trip all alone if I'm married a hundred times!" she sobbed out on his shoulder.

"You mean?"

"I mean if I marry you a hundred times."

After Marion had been entirely comforted and soothed, her natural curiosity asserted itself.

"Dick, how did you get switched on again?"

Dick turned red in the face and finally, after starting out to explain twice and failing, said:

"Well, you see, Marion, I didn't want to leave you alone in this car, so I sat way in the back, where you

couldn't see me."

"What? In back of me and you didn't even come to my rescue when the horrid conductor came around?"

Explanations followed, and Dick has proved himself the true gentleman he always had been by never "rubbing it in" about certain "lovely——."

The Waters of The Lulia Elv.

(Second Prize in Tamarack Story Contest.)

IN THE west the sun was slowly sinking, as it shed its golden splendor through the thick boughs of the pine trees which shaded the old and almost forgotten mountain trail. Neither this golden splendor nor the changing sweetness of the wild flowers which perfumed the air, nor even the faroff rumbling echoes which came from the canyon far beneath him distracted the thoughts or attitude of Nils Jergson.

The expression on Jergson's face was not pleasant; it was far too sinister and gloomy. All day long, and part of the night before, his faithful horse had toiled unceasingly up the heights of Mt. Omberg. Upward, always upward. It seemed to Jergson that the top of this rugged, pineclad work of nature would never be reached.

He turned in his saddle, and with the action returned the old, haunting idea. A murderer! Notice of the reward offered for the murderer of Jan Ollestmar, with a description of the supposed evildoer, had been posted in the cobble-stoned market place of the quaint Swedish town of Wadstena. All its inhabitants had passed by, read the notice, and wondered, but none had suspected Jergson, and under cover of the night he had escaped detection, the one thing he feared most.

Well, it was all right now, he told himself. Soon he would be at the top of the mountain, and on the other side lay Norway and safety. And then a smile passed over Jergson's face. There were many ships in the harbors, and they stopped at many foreign ports.

But now Jergson's reverie was interrupted by the roaring echoes from the canyon below him. He sat up his saddle, reined in his tired horse and listened. The noise became more deafening. Jergson dismounted, stepped to the edge of the trail and peered down into the canyon. There, far below him, tumbled, raged and stormed the mighty waters of the Lulia Elv. They dashed their way over and against huge boulders which obstructed their pathway, and then, scolding and raving, chased each other in wild pursuit. Jergson drew back with a thrill of horror. The scene had unmanned him. Nervously he glanced

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up the trail and, to his dismay, perceived a large, heavy log lying directly across the path. He looked up into the heavens. The sun had disappeared; the golden after-glow had faded; the dark mantle of night was gently enfolding the tired world.

With a muttered oath Jergson strode over to the log. Its limbs extended upward, and the trail on either side lay very close to the edge of the precipice. With a shiver of fear he realized that to force the horse over the log in the gathering darkness might prove dangerous, nor could he go around it, for on one side rose a high, rocky, relentless wall, and on the other—the canyon.

Jergson returned to his horse, which was peacefully tugging at the short grass, and, sitting down on a stone close by, he relapsed into his former unpleasant frame of mind.

The moon came up and shed a soft, silvery light upon the scene. In the canyon the foaming, sparkling waters became almost hushed. Then the battle of the waters began again, this time more fixed and with a menacing sound to its echoes. It was weird and uncanny. All at once the torrent rushed more swiftly onward and seemed to speak in an ominous, threatening tone.

Jergson sprang to his feet with horror written on his face. He looked down into the seething, writhing waters, which were quieter now, except for the low, hollow echoes, which to Jergson seemed to be the groans of the dying Jan Ollestmar. With a scream of terror, he rushed to his horse, threw himself into the saddle, and with trembling hands urged his weary animal forward. Crazed with terror, he neither knew nor cared which way he went. He had only the desire to be any place but where he was.

Now, unnoticed by Jergson, his horse was approaching the log. They were nearer, nearer, until suddenly the animal shot through the air, cleared the log, stumbled and fell.

A piercing, agonized cry rang out on the still night air as the cruel, greedy waters hid their victims from sight, then rushed onward, ever onward.

—Pearl Oman.



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Ich Dien

(Third Prize in Tamarack Story Contest.)

IT WAS nearing the close of a sunny, warm, April afternoon. The athletic coach and his friend Thomas, a young instructor, both of Hammersmith Institute, were just returning from one of their favorite Sunday strolls. They had abandoned the path that led through the trees and bushes and were wandering, regardless of direction, when Coach Landers laid his hand on his companion's arm and stood still. As both listened they heard a thud from beyond a screen of bushes just ahead, and then, in a boy's voice: "Little more practice on that and you'll have it breaking swell," followed by a grunt in response.

Quietly the two men approached the bushes, and peering through, were able to see what was going on. At one end of a clear space stood a stocky, jolly youth in shirt sleeves, with a catcher's glove. At the other stood another boy, also in shirt sleeves. At the instant he was in the midst of an intricate "windup," from which suddenly emerged a white sphere traveling with apparent haste toward the stocky lad. The ball struck in the mit with a smack, and the catcher, pulling off his glove, looked ruefully at his hand.

"'Nough for today," his companions announced, and began to prepare for departure.

Hastily the concealed observers tiptoed away, and were soon crossing the school campus.

"I am glad," said the coach, at last arousing from a reverie, "that we saw that, and again, I am sorry."

"Why?" asked Thomas.

"The boy you saw pitching is to graduate this June. During his entire four years here he has worked ceaselessly for the school's benefit. Some honor he has gained for it, but not on the baseball diamond. Baseball is his favorite sport, but he has not been able to make the school team, although he has tried four times. I am glad, because it always makes me glad to think of and to see the efforts almost all our boys make in the interests of the school. I am sorry, because this incident has reminded me that one of my pet theories is here disproved."

Two boys crossed in front of them, one talking in a loud voice and the other laughing approvingly.

"There goes Winston, a Freshman," remarked the coach. "Winston is the pitcher who will take Morgan's place when Morgan's arm fails. Morgan has been a splendid pitcher, but he hurt his arm this last winter, and it is weak."

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"Now, Winston can play ball, and as far as curves and speed go he is a good pitcher. But he has an aggravated case of big-head, and can't see far beyond himself.

"That brings me to my theory. I have always tried to believe this: If two persons of equal ability are matched in some competition, if one is an egotist and the other a modest person, the one who thinks 'I am IT' is going to be left in the rear. Even if the ability of the unassuming person does not equal that of the other, I have liked to think that the modest one has the best chance of winning. But I am wrong." He paused.

"And why wrong?" Thomas asked.

"Because the fates have so agreed, I suppose," the coach replied.

"Harry Hickey, the boy who was pitching back there in the glade, is the modest person of my theory. He has been trying for pitcher's position on the team, but has not shown up well. Winston beat him out, and, as I said, stands ready to take Morgan's place, while Hickey is a sub, and is next to Winston.

"I hate to see a big-head get the best of a good fellow like Hickey, but there are other things I don't like. You have heard of the 'Honor Roll,' have you not?"

"I have heard it mentioned since I came here two months ago," the teacher answered, "but I don't know what it is."

"Well," Landers explained, "on the big bell is cast the motto 'Ich dien,' which, you know, is the German for 'I serve.' For years it has been the custom to allow any student who does a good or great deed for Hammersmith to place his name on the bell, beneath the motto, until the motto has at last come to refer to those students as well as to the bell. That list of names is the 'Honor Roll.' It is a little thing, in truth, but how earnestly we all strive for the honor. It is the greatest honor that can be allowed, in the eyes of our boys.

"As you already know, Madison is our greatest rival. For three years I have been unable to turn out a baseball team that can beat Madison, but at last I think we have succeeded. If we do beat them this year it will be such a big thing for the school that if any particular player stars in the game, his name is sure to go on the 'Honor Roll'."

"I see," Thomas interrupted. "You think that the boy who pitches will be the star of the game, and you, being certain Winston will pitch that game, dislike to see his name go on the bell."

"Exactly. And why do I dislike that? Can't you see it would be mocking the traditions and glory of the 'Roll' to place there, with the names of boys who have really served the school and lived up to the motto, the name of one who cares not as much for the school as for

himself? Winston is merely serving himself."

"Yes," the teacher answered. "I can see it as you do. And I agree with you, thoroughly."

They had come to the parting place, and as Thomas walked to the quarters alone, he resolved to make the acquaintance of Harry Hickey and to give the lad the benefit of the knowledge and experience of pitching he himself had used to such good advantage in his own late college days. Already the motto of the bell was his motto, for, brief as had been his presence at school, he was already, in spirit, a loyal son of Hammersmith.

* * * * *

The warm June day was closing with cool evening breezes, and Harry Hickey sat in his window watching the stars come out. He had fallen into thought, and his thoughts were the same as they had been many other such evenings. They were of Hammersmith's approaching game with Madison, and of Hammersmith's chances of winning.

He thought of Morgan's lame arm and wondered how long it would permit Morgan to pitch in the morrow's game. He thought of Winston, and pondered carefully over that pitcher's inexperience. Winston's ability he did not doubt, but Winston's inexperience in college baseball worried him, for there was no doubt that Winston would have to pitch some of the game.

And if Winston failed—what a muss they'd be in! For Harry himself must take Winston's place, and Hickey was less experienced than the Freshman. But if things were to come to the worst he would do his best for the school, and the best was the most a fellow could do.

Footsteps ascending the stairs aroused Harry; the door sprang open and in burst Jack Simmons, Harry's roommate.

"Hello, roomy!" cried Jack. "I've just come from the coach. And say, of all conceited rummies, that Freshman Winston surely takes the cake! You should have heard him holding forth to Landers about how he saved his high school from a fifteen-inning drubbing. It's a shame Hammersmith has to use such fellows in order to win."

"Now, now, Jack, just cool down. Winston will lose his big head when he sees it isn't revered around here. You've got to make allowances, too, on the strength of what skill he has. But I wish, for the sake of the school, that he were as fine a pitcher as Mr. Thomas. Then we'd have nothing to fear for Hammersmith tomorrow.

"I'll tell you what, Jack," he continued, "Thomas certainly has shown me a lot about pitching. Ever since he began to practice with us in April I have been learning things."

"We certainly have to hand it to him for being a ballplayer," Jack agreed. "But say, I'll bet you that you

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get in the game tomorrow."

"I guess not. It certainly will be looking bad for Hammersmith if Landers does have to use me. What makes you think I will get in?"

"As I was leaving Coach Landers' rooms he took me aside and told me to get you into bed early, and out early."

"He knows me enough to see that I'd be worrying over the game, and he probably only wants to help me forget it."

His friend looked down at him, and then winked to himself in the darkness of the room.

"Well, anyhow, little Jackie's going to obey orders, so prepare to pile in!"

By one o'clock next afternoon the stands in Milton Field were seething with humanity, and more was coming. Every one within a radius of ten miles who possibly could buy, hire, beg, steal, or in any other way obtain a conveyance to the place was coming. The reason was that every time Madison and Hammersmith clashed on an athletic field the event was well worth seeing.

The players of both teams were in the dressing rooms. Coach Landers entered the grounds and hurried toward his team's quarters. He caught up with Mr. Thomas, and they walked together.

"How is everything?" the teacher asked.

"Everything's fine but our pitching staff. That's weak. Morgan's arm worries me, Winston is surly because I gave him a mild calling down last night, and you know Hickey is inexperienced."

"Why did you have to call Winston down?"

The coach smiled grimly. "He was telling me of a great high school game he won last year. He said he disregarded his catcher's signals and used his own judgment. Then I told him that if he pitched today he was to follow Simmons' signals strictly. I suppose it roiled him to think that I believe more in Simmons' baseball wisdom than in his own. Anyway, he's in a huff."

Just then they entered the locker room and were in the midst of preparations for the game. It is not necessary to linger over these preparations. It is enough to say that Coach Landers made a speech, and that the team cheered him and cheered the school.

Then they trotted forth, and after a few minutes of sharp practice by both teams the game began.

It was not the first time Morgan had faced Madison batters, but it was the last, and he made the most of it. For six long innings he nursed his arm and fondled the ball. At times he would hold the ball close to his face, as though he were putting it up to tricks to fool the batters, which it surely did. Two hits they got in those six innings, and only one score. That one score had slipped in on a fluke.

His arm had behaved longer than he or the coach had hoped it would. But in the early part of the seventh he raised his arm feebly and let it fall, making a wry face at his catcher as he walked to the bench. As he passed Winston, he said to his substitute, "Mind the signals, kid."

Winston did mind the signals until Simmons gave one calling for a curve that was Winston's pet, and which he was saving. Winston wished to show Landers that he did have judgment. He had been watching the batting, and he thought he knew just what ones to give this particular batter. So he threw one that Jackie had not called for. It passed the batter all right, but Jackie looked surprised. Again he gave the signal for the one Winston didn't want to throw, and again Winston disobeyed.

But this time the hawk-eyed Madison batter snapped at the ball and caught it right where he wanted it. Away it went, picking its way safe from fielders; in sped the man who had been waiting on second, and the batter landed safely on third as the ball bounded into the infield again. Jack Simmons was red with anger and disgust, and Winston saw it. That one hit took the starch out of Winston, and he felt flabby.

"Gee, that was a break," he thought, "and Simmons must have a swell opinion of me. But I'll show him." Nevertheless, he tried to follow the signals Jack gave him, but for some reason he couldn't get his mind on pitching. Two more hits, and Landers quickly called him to the bench and sent Hickey out in his place.

When Morgan had left the field the entire Madison crowd had risen to its feet as it yelled his name. Evidently the crowd did not approve of Winston's short exhibition, for it did not cheer him. At the coach's nod, Hickey pulled off his sweater and ran out to the box. The Madison rooters were still howling, and with good reason. Their batters had faced two Hammersmith pitchers, and here was a third. But Harry's spirits rose as he heard his own school-fellows giving cheers for him and his teammates shouting encouragement.

That blowup of Winston's had been unlucky for Hammersmith, leaving the score one to nothing in Madison's favor. It was going to uphill work to overcome the lead, with only two innings to do it in.

"Play ball!" snapped the umpire. Skillfully using his knowledge of the batters, the catcher helped Hickey through the seventh inning, and by close "pegging" to bases threw one of the two men out. A poor bunt, gathered in by the pitcher, made another out; the next man fanned.

When the team reached the bench the coach rallied them, slapped them on the backs, and told them they had to hit the ball. Fiercely they responded to his urging, and succeeded in putting three men on bases, with one out.

Then a new pitcher faced them, and down they went—two, three. The rooters had grown hysterical for a moment, only to sink back in sullen disappointment.

The game was a tight one. Hurriedly the teams changed places, and gave the Madison batters another chance. Two little pop-flies brought them as many outs. Then out over the diamond hurtled the ball. The straining runner rounded second; raced on to third. It looked like a clean three-base hit, but the fielder, putting all of his strength behind his throw, got the ball to third just as the runner slid into the base. The umpire waved his hand and Hammersmith let out one joyous whoop.

Now had come the straining moment—Hammersmith's last chance to tie or win. Feverishly the players waited. They must hit that ball! Was Hammersmith to be whipped a fourth time by Madison? They hoped not, and hoping, did the best that was in them.

Hickey was the one who started the fireworks. With a swift grounder which just eluded the pitcher's hand, he reached first. That settled things for Hammersmith. They just had to bring Hickey across the plate—for the school.

And they did it. Another single, and then a long, wiggling two-base hit. Across the plate sped Hickey and his mate, and Hammersmith held the big end of the score—two to one. A dancing, yelling figure in a brown suit, who ordinarily could be identified as the dignified Coach Landers, welcomed the two panting boys with hugs and slaps.

The Madison coach had found the weak spot in his team by that time, and immediately plugged it. So effectual was the plugging that Hammersmith had to be content with the two scores; and they were content, if they could hold Madison in the last half.

But what was the matter with Hickey? Was that a bandage the coach was wrapping on the pitcher's right arm? Then a rumor floated about—Hickey had hurt himself in a slide he had made to second. Was the injury serious? They hoped not, anyway, for where would their chances to hold Madison be if their last pitcher was hurt?

The pitcher's arm WAS hurt. It twinged every time he moved it, and he pitched with difficulty. The safety of the game lay in his team's support; he could only attempt to really pitch.

The team were playing with machine-like regularity behind their pitcher. It was not the fault of the team that they could only put two men out before third and first were occupied by Madison players. They had gathered in every hit that it was possible to reach; but the fact remained, there were two men on bases.

And to add to the tension of the situation, Madison's best batter stood at the plate, scornfully swinging his bat. If he should hit safely, the game would be won or the score tied, and Hickey couldn't pitch another inning.

"Well, here goes our game," thought Harry mournfully.

He threw the ball—he saw the batter step forward, and then swing. With the crack of the wood on the leather, Harry instinctively jumped to his right, square in the path of the ball.

The hit was a low bee-liner, and would easily have cleared the shortstop and third baseman. But the pitcher was in the way. He tried to catch the speeding ball, and felt it burn through his hands and drive into the pit of his stomach. Clutching wildly for it, he clung to the sphere, doubled up grotesquely, and slowly rolled over in a dead faint.

* * * * *

"Well, Landers," said Thomas, "are you satisfied that your theory is right, after all?"

"It proved right this time, anyway," laughed the coach, "but I am afraid it wouldn't every time."

They were hurrying across the campus after the whooping, howling, joy-crazed mob of students. Ahead, on the shoulders of their fellows rode the victorious team.

As the head of the crowd reached the entrance of Henry Hall, in the tower of which hung the big bell, the procession stopped, made room for the passage of the coach to the steps, and then pushed Hickey up the steps after Landers. Then, the crowd having become expectantly silent, the coach spoke:

"Who won the game?" he asked them, and was answered with a roar, "Hickey!"

"What do we do with a hero's name?" the coach asked.

"Put it on the 'Honor Roll'!" shouted the mob in ecstasy.

The smiling Landers turned to the bashful Hickey, and taking him by the arm climbed the bell-tower with the boy. Proudly he watched the pitcher as he read the motto, and watched the placing of the name below that list of worthy predecessors.

When it was done the lad turned impulsively and clasped the hand of his coach. There they stood, both loyal servants of the school, and through the opening in the tower came the evening sunlight, burnishing the bell and lighting up the motto, "Ich dien."

—BRYAN LEISER, June, '15.



TO A ROSE BUSH.

(A la Robert Burns.)

Ye bloomin', briary, blitherin' rose,
That grows beside my door, O,
How ye got there naebody knows,
Or where ye were before, O.

When I come hame a' full a'night,
An' my poor een see double,
Yer curs'd brambles hold me tight,
And gie me fearful trouble.

The flowers ye grow are hateful small,
But ah, that gie's ye pleasure;
Ye care for naught but thorns at all,
An' hoard 'em for your treasure.

The De'il take your cursed briars,
An' bear 'em to his Hell, O,
An' burn 'em in his fiendish fires,
An' that would serve ye well, O.

—W. R. W., June, '13.

The Masque

The preceding term has certainly been a busy one for the Masque. Each and every member has worked hard and faithfully for the club's advancement; there has been no shirking, everyone has been working to bring the society's name to the front, and from all appearances they have succeeded.

Although the Masque's annual play, "The Butterflies," has taken a good deal of the club's time and energy, two interesting programs have been held. The first was in the High School, on March 21. There was a short business meeting, then a program was enjoyed.

On March 27 an enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Marie Corner, one of the Masque's honorary members. An excellent program furnished the amusement of the evening—incidentally it was a girls' program. The main event of the evening was a sketch by Hazel Britton, Irene Guernsey, and Anna Corcoran, which caused plenty of laughter. Other numbers were: Piano solo, Laverne Borrell; original story, Pearl Oman; poem, "Eulogy on Our Directors," Cecilia Kirkhoven, and a reading by Lois Donaldson.

The next Masque program is in charge of the boys, and they will have to hustle to prepare one that will compare with that which was entirely composed of the girls of the club.

The presentation of "The Butterflies" has put the Masque far ahead of any other society in the school. May it always stay there!

THE BUTTERFLIES.

There are some school enterprises which it is unnecessary to praise, since they are so widely recognized as the best that the school can produce. One of these is the annual Masque play. Everyone knows what an unusual success "The Co-Ed" attained. If possible, "The Butterflies" was even a greater "hit."

From the rise of the curtain to the final reconciliations there was not a dull moment. The numerous comical situations were hugely enjoyed by an appreciative audience, as was also the fatherly suppression of the errant Barrington.

It is difficult to pick the stars from an all-star cast. All of the parts were well taken. The leading roles were taken in a masterly manner by Lois Donaldson and Martin Chamberlain. Margaret White, as Mrs. Stuart Dodge

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PRESIDENTS



DONALD WILSON

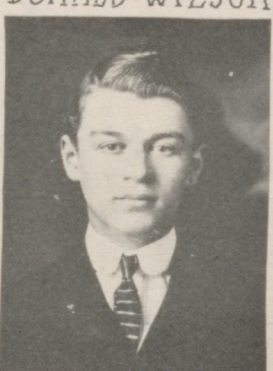
MASSACHUSETTS

MATHEMATICS



GAYTON KNIGHT

SOCIETY



EDWARD SHEARS

TELEPHONE

of Philadelphia, showed real ability in her handling of a most difficult part. Stuart Lower gave an excellent interpretation of the honest Hiram Green, while Gayton Knight made himself conveniently "disagreeable" as Barrington.

Pearl Oman made a very convincing daughter of the old millionaire, her work being very natural and her mood changes well handled. Strong, the timid Englishman, was ably portrayed by Robert Yorke. The minor parts taken by Lena Wilson, Lester Ellis and William Eddy were well played.

The play was coached by Miss Edith Broomhall and Miss Mary Caughey. Under such careful supervision the play could not have been anything but the best. The incidental music was supplied by the High School Orchestra, under the direction of C. Olin Rice. The scenery for the production was painted by James Gibbons, a North Central alumni.

The Debating Society

Haven't you heard about the J. Herman Beare Contest? Well, excuse me, but you certainly are a back number.

Five of our members have gone into this contest, and we certainly wish them the best of luck. Why didn't you come to the mock trial? Oh my, but it was fun!

Mr. Lineau's room was just packed with students, for they knew if the Debating Society had an open meeting it would be something worth hearing.

Alan Paine and Russell White were the attorneys for Bobby O'Brien. Edward Sheirs and Donald Stewart were the attorneys for the state. Aden Keele made an excellent, solemn judge. I needn't tell you that Bobby O'Brien was declared innocent, for we still see him smiling about the halls.

His charge was a serious one. He had committed the terrible crime of maliciously forcing his name upon the society for the office of seargent-at-arms, but the lady jury could not see it that way, and Mr. O'Brien was acquitted.

The membership is now being limited to twenty-five members. This is your last chance to join. For further developments in our Society, just "Stop, Look and Listen!"

Mathematics Society

On Tuesday afternoon, March 18, the Mathematics Society held its second executive meeting. Donald Stewart was elected treasurer to succeed John Goddard, resigned. The society also elected Arthur Simon reporter to the Tamarack. The application of Erma Wilder for membership was accepted.

A very pleasing social meeting was held after the executive session.

On April 1 occurred the next meeting of the society. It was decided that a contest to determine the best pupils in Mathematics be held soon, and a fitting trophy is now being decided upon by the committee. Here is a chance for you to win distinction. Be the first to have your name engraved on the cup as the best mathematician in the school. Remember, you don't have to be a member of the club to enter this contest. Here's your chance. Get busy! Full particulars will be posted on the bulletin board soon.

Deltas

At our last meeting, on the evening of April 9, we were very fortunate in being able to hear an excellent talk by Mr. E. C. Faville, formerly principal of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and at present editor of the "Western Farmer." Enthusiasm was the theme of his talk, and being a real booster himself he was well qualified to speak upon that subject. We welcomed several new fellows into membership in the club, and know that both they and the club will be benefited.

On Tuesday evening, March 25, Dr. J. Glen Horleison gave a very interesting and helpful talk on "Social and Moral Hygiene."

Prosecuting Attorney George Crandall spoke to us at our meeting on Wednesday, March 12. We all enjoyed the talk and are confident that we have a good friend and loyal supporter in the prosecuting attorney. We also listened to good talks from Mr. Hargreaves and Mr. Moyer, who assured us of their heartiest support.

German Society

Are you a member of the Germanistische Gesellschaft? Better join. Here's a chance for a good social time. Come and visit us at our next meeting.

Have you heard about the German play? It certainly is a side-splitting comedy. Every Englishman can understand it, so come and get your money's worth. Those selected for the cast are:

Gertrude.....	Minnie Williams
Louise.....	Hertha Wiegmann
William.....	Warren Williams
Jacob	Ernest Hopkins

Those in charge of the play are: Business manager, Emerson Donovan; advertising manager, Malcolm Sabiston; stage manager, Kemp Holt.

SCHWARZ, WEIZ, ROT.

Wir sind ja kleine kinder,
Wie andere kinder sind;
Dazu noch deutsche Schuler,
Die arbeiten sich blind.

Sie arbeiten doch besser,
Und spielen auch dabei,
Und in der klasse lernen
Von Tell und allerlei.

Und die sind wir, zusammen?
Erat mit kleiner kraft;
Wir sind die deutsche leute,
Die "Germanistische Gesellschaft."

—E. Donovan, June '13.

Athletics

BASKET BALL.

In the series of basket ball games just ended, Helen Goetz's team won the championship of the school. The series, contrary to the previous one, was close, and the championship was not decided until the final game.

Laura Hill and Mary Endres tied for second place, having each lost and won three games apiece, while Marr Davenport finished last, having won and lost two games. This closes the basket ball season, as Mr. Woodward has started an indoor baseball league for the remainder of the season.

On February 21, at convocation, the basket ball letters were presented to the members of the team.

Olin, Johnson, Stevens, Van Dissel, Lee Smith, Rouse, Brawley, Cowan and Abrams, after showing their ability as extemporaneous speakers by repeating, one after another, "I thank Mr. Hargreaves and the Athletic Council for this 'S'," etc., were given their honorary letters for the season of 1912-13.

As a token of appreciation for the work he had done with the basket ball team, Mr. Woodward was also presented with an "S" by Mr. Hargreaves.

If you haven't heard about it already, I'll tell you about it. Ben Cowan is our next year's basket ball captain, and if facts count for anything Ben should have a winning team and bring home the championship from our friends across the way. Ben is a good worker, a fine fellow, and will make a splendid captain.

INDOOR TRACK MEET.

"That was a great meet last night, wasn't it?"

"I should say so, but I thought the Juniors would make a better showing than they did, with Matters, Glaze, Smith and couple other last-year men on their team."

"It certainly was a surprise the way MacKenzie beat Matters out in the 30-yard dash and got first place for the Sophomores."

"Yes, but the way that new man, Johnson, got away with the hurdles for the Sophomores was better yet. He took a first that the Seniors thought they had cinched."

"Well, the Seniors got revenge in the shotput anyway. They took all three places and went into the lead with the Sophomores a close second."



SAFE
ON
THIRD

THE
BASE BALL
SQUAD



CAPT.
BAS
GERARD

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"Yes, that's all true enough, but they lost another sure first when Roberts, the surprise of the evening, beat Davies, our star miler, in the half-mile. He got vengeance in the mile, though, for he took an easy first from Roberts."

"Yes, this Roberts is sure going to be a runner some day, all right. At that he hasn't anything on this boy Glaze, who certainly is a wonder at high jumping. He cleared the bar at five feet four and one-half inches, and that is some jumping for a high school boy."

"The surprise of the evening was the pole vault. Smith and Taylor both broke the indoor record by vaulting nine feet eleven inches."

"Oh, I don't know if that was any more of a surprise than the relay race. The way the Juniors were boasting one would have thought they had the race put away in their vest pocket, but the Sophomores beat them by about three seconds."

"How did the meet finally end? I left before it was over."

"The Seniors won with 35 points, over twice as many as all the other classes combined. The Sophomores took second with 16 points, Juniors third with 15 points, while the poor little Freshies got only 3 points."

"Well, the meet well served its purpose and gave the coaches a line on our material for the coming track season."

PROSPECTS.

If comparative records count for anything, we certainly ought to have a winner in track this spring and repeat the performance of last year. In the indoor meet Taylor and Smith broke the indoor record in the pole vault, while Steele broke the record for the shot, heaving it forty feet.

In the distance events we have Davies, Phillips and Roberts, all exceptionally good men, who will make anybody hustle to beat them.

The sprints are well taken care of by McKenzie and Johnson and Captain Matters, while the weight men, under the coaching of Mr. Woodward, are showing up well.

Glaze, Johnson, Kamrath and Imhoff are capable of taking the long end of the score in the high and broad jumps.

The hurdles look to be the weakest part of the team, though Johnson, Wilhelm and Taylor are showing fair form and may spring a surprise.

On April 26 an outdoor track meet is to be held. The teams will be captained by the same fellows that captained in the indoor meet. This meet will be a more thorough and complete tryout than the one that was held in the gym, as the regulation track meet can be run off. It will give the coaches a better chance to get a line on their prospective material that will later be used on the regular team.



“UP IN THE AIR”



EASILY CLEARED

CAPT. MATTERS



“TAKING THE LOW HURDLES”

Perhaps nothing in gym needs more commendation than does the leading corps which helps Mr. Woodward in his gym classes. The corps is composed of the best gymnasts in the several classes, and receives special instructions from Mr. Woodward once a week.

Base Ball

First Game.

We have the start, if we can only keep up our good work. In a ten inning tie contest the North Central baseball team played their first game against the J. Y. A's, the second Gonzaga team. Score, 2-2.

The game was a thriller throughout, both teams doing almost faultless work, while the batting on both sides was fair and the fielders were kept busy pulling down long drives and flies. The batting of "Toughy" Rockstrom was the feature of the game, as he got three hits in four times at bat.

The lineup of the N. C. was McKinney, c.; Narvstad, p.; Skadan, 1st b.; Hammer, 2d b.; Captain Jerard, 3d b.; Rockstrom, ss.; H. Neely, rf.; McAlroy, cf., and Abrams, lf.

INDOOR BASEBALL.

"Those that are first shall be last." This certainly proved true in the indoor baseball league contest that has just been finished.

Dye's team started with a rush and took the first three games in a row, but after this took a slump and won but one other game the entire season.

Smith's team lost the first two games played, but after this they got together and won seven straight, winning the series and the loving cup offered by Mr. O'Callahan.

Briley's team took second place after a poor start, while Jerard's team tied with Dye's for the cellar position, each having won four and lost five games.

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"THE LEADERS' CORPS"



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CLASS BASEBALL GAMES.

The Seniors, captained by Basil Jerard, won the inter-class baseball championship of the school and demonstrated their right to it by winning all three games. The Freshmen and Sophomores tied for second place, each having lost two games, while the Juniors took the cellar position by losing all their games.

Out of the four teams Mr. Moyer picked the men whom he wanted to try out for the school team later on.

On April 7 Basil Jerard was elected baseball captain, as a successor to Claude Smith, who has left school, for the 1913 season. "Bas" played third on last year's team, and will make a very good captain as well as a help to Mr. Moyer in rounding the team into shape for the coming series with the Lewis and Clark.

ATHLETICS.

The athletic movement in the public schools throughout the country has been so great in the last few years that the educational experts agree that the best way to receive the greatest benefit from athletics is to have them under proper supervision. While it is the purpose of this article to set forth the advantages gained through football, yet what is true in this branch of athletics will hold true, generally speaking, in all others.

We all agree that there are certain dangers in athletics; and on rare occasions a boy's health has been injured, and in a few cases even a life is lost. Yet is it not better to have a boy with a broken leg than with broken morals? The former will heal in a short time, the latter may never do so.

On the other hand, the benefits derived from athletics are so great that they easily offset all the disadvantages that may be set forth by a few anemic individuals. I have never seen a good football player—and by that I mean a boy that was of the greatest benefit to his team—who could not keep up in all other lines of scholastic or collegiate work. However, I have seen a great many athletes who did not do this, but on the whole the average grade of the athlete is far above that of the devotee of the pool rooms.

It is not generally known how much a football player must learn thoroughly before he will become a necessary cog in the machine. It would not be well for me to go into minute details of the North Central High School's football system, yet some of the things that the boys must learn may be of interest. Present-day football is a much

more varied game than it was a decade ago. Ten years ago, and longer, the coach would drill his team in the same plays, year after year, that he had learned when he was a member of his college team. The alumni could come back at any time during the season and help coach the team and the system would not be broken, as all of the old members of the former teams had been coached under the same system. Today this would be impossible, as each coach must have not only many styles of attack, but must be prepared for all kinds of unexpected plays by the opponents.

Last fall North Central High School had no less than 100 signals, and each signal meant a play, and each play had to be thoroughly understood by each player. When the signal was given by the quarterback every man had to know three things: when the ball was going to be played, who was to receive it and where he was going with it, and what he himself and every other man on the team was to do in that play, and at the same time not give the play away. In addition to remembering those plays, there are certain other plays that start on a given signal. If a team is trained well and a starting signal is given, every man on the team must start at the same instant.

Some teams have signals for different formations while on defense. This, however, is usually overcome by drilling the men so that they are absolutely familiar with any formation that the opponents may try, and the men are trained to know, the moment a certain formation is formed for an attack, how to stop it. For instance, last fall those of you who saw the North Central play will remember that there were times when four men were on the defense and at other times seven, all depending on what part of the field and what formation they were trying to stop.

Going back to the offense again, it is interesting to know how familiar certain players become with their own plays. Last fall our quarterback was so familiar with certain plays that he could tell almost instantly when the opponents were shifting either too far one way or the other, that it was the proper place to call for certain plays for just such an opportunity. Some teams are very successful with certain plays, and the same coach might give these thoroughly tried plays to another team and they would be an absolute failure. So that another important thing for a coach to know is what particular style of football the material that he has to work with is essentially adapted to, and unless he knows something about the different styles of play the same coach might be unsuccessful with a certain kind of material, but when given a different kind of material would be successful.

The greatest mistake in athletics is that we all want to win the contests, measuring the success of the season simply by the winning of games. An athletic team should, to a great extent, lost sight of this fact, and every indi-

vidual member of the team should first develop himself to the highest point of efficiency, then forget one's self entirely and work to develop team play to the highest point of proficiency, working for the team at all stages from the day of the first practice to the championship game. If these two unselfish views are taken, and taken sincerely, any team will win match games, and if their opponents are working under the same unselfish conditions the team that wins should win; for in any athletic contest where true sportsmen are concerned it is always to be hoped that the better team wins, and surely conditions could not be more equal than these.

Just as a word of warning—I hope that the North Central High School may never be defeated in the end because of the fact that they have been winning too many games up to the present time, but that often happens, and will happen the moment any school thinks they have reached the place where they can win games without working, for no athletic contest was ever worth the winning if there was not a hard preparation necessary for the contest. Let the slogan of the North Central High School always be, "We will make the best teams possible out of the material we have at hand, and let the result be what it may." Work, then, and live up to every word that you believe and know is true. If you win under these conditions there will be a wholesome satisfaction to yourselves and team mates, and if you lose you will have the genuine respect of your opponents and will have no regret for not having been faithful and honest to yourselves and your school.

S. L. MOYER.

Current Events

MARCH 4.

Inaugural day did not pass by unnoticed by the North Central. In a convocation, Mr. Hargreaves made a very interesting address. His subject was "Inauguration of a New President." He dwelt at length on the great amount of time between Election day and Inauguration day. As part of the program the two orators, Edward Shears and William Wilson, representing the North Central High School in the S. A. R. contest, delivered their orations. Both orations were well delivered and very interesting.

MARCH 7.

A convocation was held in behalf of three projects in which the North Central was to participate on this day. These were the interclass track meet, to be held in the

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gymnasium in the afternoon, the S. A. R. contest, to be Central Christian church in the evening, and the North Central-Colfax debate, at Colfax, in the evening. Mr. Sawtelle spoke in behalf of the S. A. R. contest, urging all North Siders to be present and support our contestants.

On the evening of March 7 the annual oratorical contest under the auspices of the Sons of the American Revolution was held, Mr. Richard B. Harris, president of Spokane chapter, presiding. In this contest the North Central High School had two representatives, Edward Shears and William Wilson, while the Lewis and Clark High School had four contestants. The first and third prizes were won by the representatives of the Lewis and Clark High School, and the second prize was won by Edward Shears, representing the North Central. It will be remembered that since the North Central High School has been allowed to enter the S. A. R. contests, this is the first year that one of its representatives did not win the first prize. In 1911 we only had one representative, Vincent White, but won the first prize; last year two of our representatives, Olive Turner and Floyd Ellis, won the first and second prizes, respectively.

The program also consisted of a very beautiful selection by the High School Glee Clubs and a clarinet and flute duet by Bonnie and William Robinson, students of the North Central.

At the same time of the oratorical contest our debating team, Alan Paine and Ira Ketcham, met, at Colfax, the Colfax High School team, composed of Paul Brewster and Alto King. We were not so fortunate as we were in the previous debates, and the decision was two to one in favor of the Colfax team. This, of course, eliminates us from the interscholastic contest, but all must admit that our boys have done excellent work this year.

MARCH 10.

When Booker T. Washington, the great orator and educator of the colored people, entered our auditorium, he was greeted with a multitude of cheers and yells by every class; and after he was introduced to the audience it was some time before he was permitted to begin his address.

"I suppose," he said, "the best way for me to show my appreciation of your greeting is to detain you as long as possible from your classes."

Dr. Washington spoke at length on his experiences from the time of his childhood, when he was a slave boy in Virginia until after he had worked his way through college. In the course of his address he related many amusing incidents which happened during his toilsome school days. That part of his speech in regard to his college at Tuskegee, Alabama, was especially interesting. At frequent intervals of his address there was applause, and any racial prejudices held by those who were born in the South melted away before the oratory of the "Great Man

SPRING NUMBER

of the South," for all regarded Dr. Washington as a great inspiration to a student without funds, struggling alone, and striving to be successful.

MARCH 18.

A convocation was held during the third period. This was the day when the Freshman Number of the Tamarack was distributed to the students. Alan Paine spoke in behalf of the Tamarack, and called attention to the advertising department, urging all to patronize our patrons. He also reminded us of the short-story contest and the "Forum" of the next issue.

At this convocation were two noted visitors from Chicago, Miss Anne Shaw Faulkner and Mr. Marx E. Oberndorfer. Miss Faulkner gave a very interesting address on the Richard Wagner operas, and Mr. Oberndorfer entertained the high school with two very beautiful piano compositions. The last number of this day's program was a selection sung by the boys of the Sixth Period chorus class.

At 4 o'clock this same afternoon Miss Anne Shaw Faulkner and Mr. Marx Oberndorfer gave a stereopticon lecture-recital on Wagner's "The Ring of the Nibelungen." This was very instructive and was greatly enjoyed by all.

MARCH 19.

The beautiful statues of Orpheus and Minerva are now in the west end of the auditorium. These were presented to the High School by the Class of January 1913.

MARCH 26.

A convocation was called for the benefit of the operetta "Sylvia," to be presented in the High School auditorium on the evening of March 28. Murrel Davis, stage manager of this play, presented the operetta's case. The Second Period chorus class then entertained us with two selections.

MARCH 27.

At 2 o'clock this afternoon Judge Munter and Mr. Silbermann of the United German Societies spoke before the German students of the High School in Room 205.

MARCH 28.

Mr. Uhden, engineer of the Washington Water Power company, gave a lecture before the mathematics and physics students in the physics lecture room. With the aid of stereopticon views he illustrated how the great projects of the Washington Water Power company are constructed and operated.

MARCH 28.

On the evening of this day the operetta "Sylvia" was presented by students of the various classes of the school. To begin with, the greater number of the seats

SPRING NUMBER

in the auditorium were sold more than a week before the evening of the operetta. So, when the curtain was raised, "Sylvia" was greeted by a large audience.

All of the members of the cast played their parts excellently. Sylvia and Betty were so successful in changing their costumes that even DeLacey and William could not tell the difference. The "Man of Consequence" could not have played his part better, for all the boys maintained that in one scene he was the leading character. All of the musical parts were enthusiastically applauded by the audience. The operetta throughout was a success and could hardly be excelled by high school students.

APRIL 7, 8 AND 9.

These were days of great joy to some, while to others they were days of great anguish. Yet all appreciated the tests in a way, and all are, perhaps, glad they are over.

APRIL 7.

In the midst of our tests we were entertained by the Michigan University Glee Club at a convocation during the second period. The club was introduced to the audience by Mr. P. Lunn of this city. The concert consisted of vocal and instrumental selections, and was concluded by one of Michigan's yells.

APRIL 16.

Miss Fargo, librarian of the North Central, and Miss Britton of the City library are giving a model library exhibit in the library room of the North Central during the week of the teachers' institute. This is given for the benefit of the visiting teachers and will no doubt be highly beneficial to the schools of the Inland Empire.

APRIL 11.

Mr. Hargreaves presented the Tamarack Circulation Trophy Cup, donated by Sartori & Wolfe, to the Senior B class. Reba Clark accepted the cup in behalf of the Senior B's.

Glen Vaughn made a humorous speech from the Masque play, "The Butterflies."



Exchanges

AS OTHERS SEE US:

Oh wah some power the giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion!

—Robert Burns.

* * *

The best exchange we have received this year is the Senior number of the Tamarack. We cannot praise you too much, for you deserve it all. Your cuts are very original. We hope you will be one of our regular visitors.—“Red and Black,” Tampa, Florida.

* * *

A very fine paper. It is one of the best received this year. Your cartoons are not as good this time as last, however. A very good cover.—“Adjutant,” M. T. M. A., San Rafael, Cal.

* * *

A very fine paper. It is one of the best we have received this year. Your cartoons deserve special mention.—Carrol College, Wisconsin.

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

“The Kodak”

A very good paper. Your literary section is very interesting. You also are to be complimented on the covers of your magazines. Everett, Wash.

* * *

“The Calendar”

An interesting magazine. However, a different arrangement and a few good stories would improve it a great deal. We would like to hear from you again.

Buffalo Central High School.

* * *

“The Adjutant”

You are one of our best exchanges. Your stories and jokes are very good. Some new cartoons would add to the appearance of your paper.

San Rafael, Cal.

* * *

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: “The World,” “The Kuay,” “The Wigwam,” “The Quill,” “The Red and Black,” “The Clarion,” “The Minor,” “The Magpie” and “The Tahoma.”

Jokes

NORTH CENTRAL HIGH'S COOK BOOK.

Poultry.

It is better for all concerned if the fowl is killed before being eaten.

Greece is now considered the safest place to roast Turkey.

Game.

Currant jelly cut into dice is convenient for playing parchesi.

Currant jelly may be also tastefully arranged around the border of cards when playing five hundred.

(Will some courageous person make the test?)

Salad.

Reinforced concrete heaped lightly on a lettuce leaf makes a pleasing foundation. When making fruit salad, do not get your dates mixed.

N. C. H. S. Pie.

Cut the Short-ening into the Flower with two Steele knives, the second of which is Keener than the Furst. Add Price's baking powder. Mix in Black Stone Bowles, not Fuller than two-thirds. Glaze the crust with the White of an egg, and Pricket lightly with a Hare. For filling use two Pounds of Rice Orr Fish. If it Burns while Cook-ing, Lower the temperature to the Wright degree. Do not eat too much of this pie at Knight Orr Ellis it will give you a Paine.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS, AND WHAT THEY ARE RENOWNED FOR.

Myril Davies—A very long-winded arguer.

Jerome Barline—A real ladies' man.

Frank Taylor—An active scene mover.

Virginia Cunningham—A person who can carry seven subjects as easy as two.

Bill Wilson—The original Longfellow.

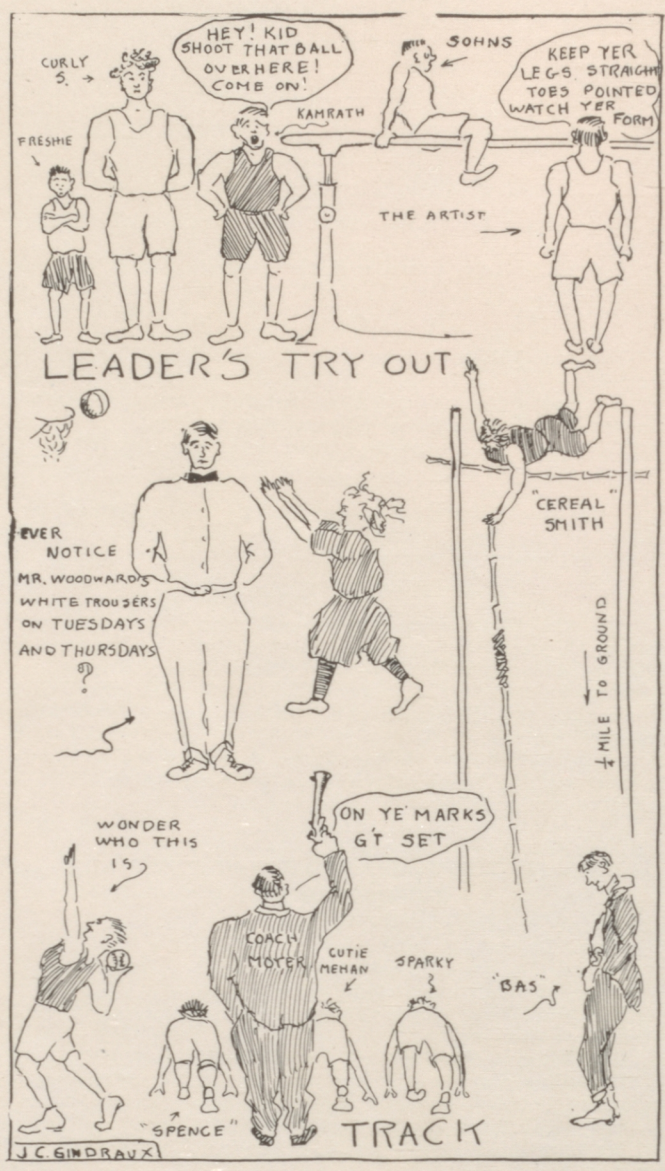
Bathaline Cowgill—Seeing that Ben C. is not molested by any of the girls—except herself.

Estelle Culliton—Being both seen and heard.

Margaret White—Being a "knocker." For particulars ask Selma E.

Louise Bledsoe—A human talking machine.

SPRING NUMBER



SPRING NUMBER

Happy are the fleet of foot, the strong of arm, the tall of stature, and all other men possessing athletic qualities, for their freedom in class and in the halls shall not be curtailed by Miss McNitt.

R. Y.—I want two seats in the coldest part of the auditorium.

Mr. B.—All right, Bob, here are two in Z-row.

Cecelia K.—This piece of lace on my dress is over fifty years old.

Pearl O.—It's beautiful. Did you make it yourself?

SPRING STYLES.

I've a little black new bonnet,
With Bulgarian shades on it,
And it's made out of the latest straw and hay;
Though it only cost ten-fifty,
I know you'll say it's nifty,
When I wear it out some bright spring day.

Any little lid that's a queer little lid
Is the right little lid for spring;
As you may suppose, it can be Nell rose,
Or cerise with a burnt orange wing;
For any little lid that's a queer little lid
Is the right little lid for spring.

—E. C.

Vivian See (late to French after convocation)—I couldn't help it. I got stuck in the jam.

Miss B.—What jam?

Vivian—The convocation jam.

Miss B.—H'm. That's a new kind of preserves to me.

To prove: That it is well that Selma and Dorsey had a quarrel.

Given: (1) Selma and Dorsey had a quarrel. (2) Selma and Dorsey made up after about eight weeks.

Proof: The quarrel ended well. Now, since all is well that ends well, it is well that Selma and Dorsey had a quarrel.

SPRING NUMBER

Grace B.—There is some speed to your machine, Ralph.
Ralph K.—Yes, it leaves me a little more behind after each payday.

Arthur D. (translating German): “The door opened, and toward him walked the graceful face of a little girl.”

It is useless to hope for an inspiration when a test proves too much for us. Ideas are merciful; they never strike a man when he is down.

There is something Vivian A. would rather be than leading lady in the class play. She would rather B. Cowan.

If Lolita should Cook, would Alan have a Paine?

Harvey Lynde (after convocation)—I didn't think my voice would fill the auditorium.

Louie M.—Neither did I. I thought it would empty it.

Arthur E.—Say, Blanchard, did you tell Cliff Williams that I was a blockhead?

S. B.—Why, no; I always thought he knew it.

A JUNIOR'S ADVICE.

Dear Freshmen, we the Juniors, feel
That good advice, sincere and real,
Should now be given, without delay,
Unless, perchance, you'll quit some day.

Regard not all the Sophomores' jokes—
Remember, 'tis a frog that croaks;
Slight the Seniors' puns with high disdain,
For they are giddy, flip and vain.

Now, if this spirit you will keep,
Great benefits from school you'll reap.
Draw all advice from this great source,
And you will take a P. G. course.

—A. Wellwisher.

Girls--

You are not
Receiving
the
Best
unless
He
brings
You
Chocolates
from

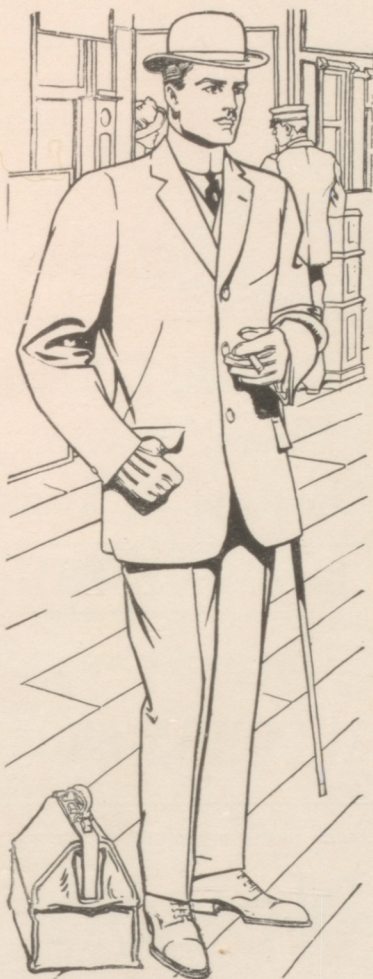
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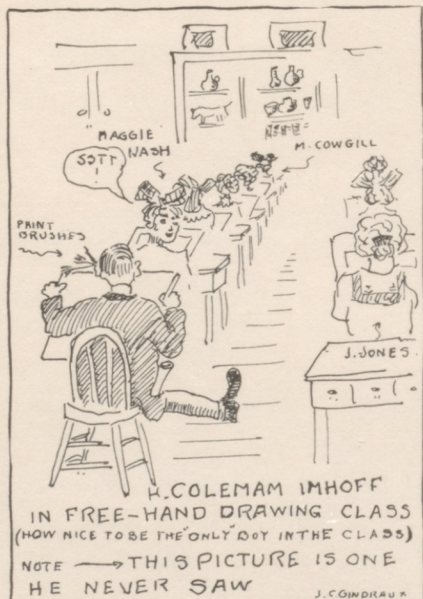
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Pennants and
Pillows

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"Get the Habit"

Joyner's

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AMBITIOUS STUDENTS.

One by one our classmates leave us,
One by one they work, alack!
One by one their failures grieve us,
Then one by one they wander back.
—T. E. D.

When eating ice cream remember that:
Many a good and worthy man
Has gone to his sarcophagus
From letting a freezer of cold ice cream
Slide down his esophagus.

Why should we reap lies (replies)
when we call for answers?

The Domestic Science girls should appreciate the value of money—they so often knead the dough.

Cheer up, Bobby O'Brien, even if you haven't any brains, Mr. Woodward thinks your head contains a few supraoesophagealganglia. (Explanatory: The near-brain of an angleworm.)

What would Mr. Ram-sey if Grace Eide him angrily?

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**THE SPOKANE
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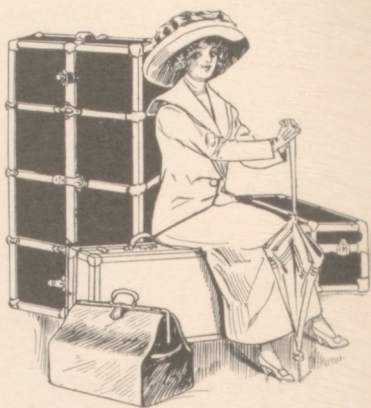
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The Coolest and Most
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in Town

5c



Meet Me at
Alligator Corner

**Spokane Trunk &
Grip Co.**

Sprague and Washington

SOME RARE ANSWERS.

M. L.—Irving laid the scenes of his stories around the Hudson river because he discovered it.

G. T.—Clermont invented the first steamboat.

Two animals of the camel family found in South America are the alpaca and the Omega.

Gravity is little pebbles all ground up fine.

The executive department of the government executes people.

Mr. Collins (in Physiology)—Where could you distinguish two points?
William W.—On my lips.

Mr. C.—Did you do it yourself or did someone do it for you?

When was Harvey Sanborn, and when did Ronald Dye?

George B.—There is one thing the high cost of living has not affected.

Bill K.—What's that?

George B.—Note paper. It has remained stationery.

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Men's and Young Men's Haberdashery and

**Clere's
Classy
Clothes**

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PRAGER'S

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AFTER READING A HOME-READING BOOK.

NOTE—Anyone supplying correct answers to these questions will be given a credit in English.

Why did the town nestle among the hills?

Why did she feel a mantling blush steal over her cheeks?

What was it that she swept out of the room?

Who deserted the ballroom, and why?

Why did the dog look up at that moment and wag his tail as if he, too, understood her?

What choked his utterance?

What made her suspect that he had been drinking?

Why did the cold wind that fanned her cheeks feel so good?

Why was there a long pause?

Why did it seem to her that the light had gone out of her young life?

And why did the organ peal?

Haven't you noticed how the appearance of distinguished personages like Pomp Smith, Cyril Ssmith, and Bob O'Brien on the stage adds to the musical effect of the sixth period chorus?

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Mr. Davis (in Commercial Law)—Now we come to a more interesting subject—Married Women.

Did you know that the only way to stop the rush of an infuriated snail is to jump on his eyes!

Mr. Overman (speaking to Mildred F. in Eng. VIII)—Have you read "Anna Karanina?"

M. F. (trying to appear intelligent)—No, I haven't; she's a Russian authoress, isn't she?

Mr. O.—Well, not exactly; that's the name of a book.

DO YOU KNOW THAT:

Ice skates are out of place in an icebox?

If you plant seeds in cement it will prevent the chickens from scratching them up?

You should not swallow molten lead until it cools off?

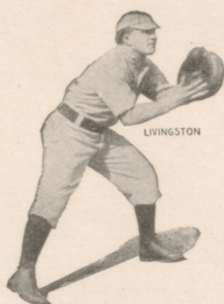
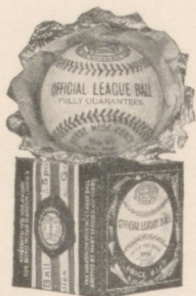
Grass will grow faster if each blade is pulled twice a day?

Mr. Sawtelle—Love is a word that is badly misused, especially by the girls.

Get Acquainted With All of Our Advertisers.

The Peer of all League Balls

GOLDSMITH'S
Official League Ball



SPOKANE
Hardware
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FAVORITE MAXIMS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.

George Belshaw—A penny left at home is a penny saved.

Otto Warn—An automobile on hand is worth two in the repair shop.

Miss Olney—As ye sew so shall ye rip.

German Student—Poor lessons ne'er won Fehr (fair) lady.

Physics Student—All's well that Endslow O. K's.

Freshie—Study in haste and recite after school at leisure.

Mr. Lineau—A bald head is soon shaved.

Ruth Hollenbeck—A friend at lunch hour is a friend indeed.

Nellie Mc.—There is no day without the night (Knight).

Bluffer—Little memory, but much judgment.

Post Graduate—It is never too late to learn.

Mr. Sawtelle—Laughing makes the face grow rounder.

Adeana Meyers—H₂ O₂ makes the head grow lighter.

Hazel Britton—I would be Owen (owin') all my life, if I could.

Reg. B.—A poor bluff often makes a good joke.

George Holden—It's love that makes the arms go round.

What does the sun hatch when it sets?

The answer tell, and say,

Why, oh, why, does the moon get full?

Who mends the break of day?

—Ex.

“Go emulate the busy bee,”

This sage advice was given me,

So just to try and make amends,

I went right out and stung my friends.

Mr. Collins (calling for a vote in class by raising the hand)—Miss Nash, was your hand up, or were you just striking someone?

Our Advertisers Must Get Results. You Can Help.

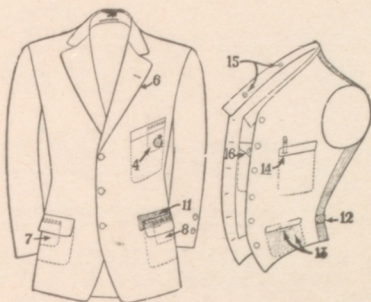
Premier Clothes for Young Men of Class

\$15.00 \$17.50 \$20.00

The Last Word in Clothes Craft

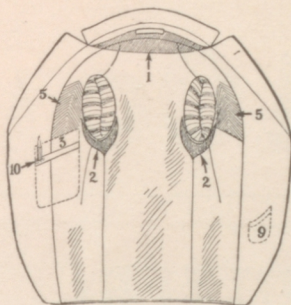
COAT

1. Premier Shape-Retainer. Gone forever—that wrinkle 'neath the collar.
2. Premier Shields—double the wear at the arm pits.
3. Premier Inside Safety Pocket, as good as lock and key.
4. Premier Watch Rest in Outside Breast-Pocket.
5. Premier Quilted Front for that full-chested look.
6. Premier Flower-Holder, 'neath the lapel.
7. Premier Coin Pouch, outer right pocket.
8. Premier Card-Holder, outer left pocket.
9. Premier Smokers' Pocket—left facing.
10. Premier Pencil Slip—inside breast pocket.
11. Bartell Patent Pocket, no bulge, relieves the pocket strain.



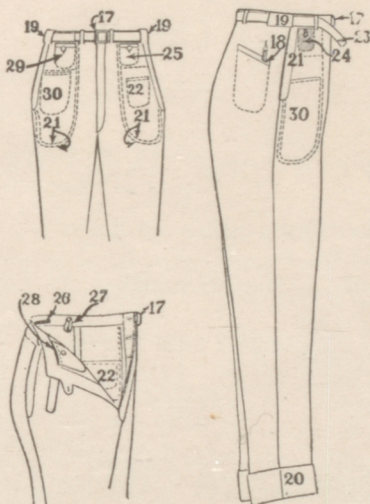
VEST

12. Premier Side-Buckles—mold the Vest to the body.
13. Premier lower-left velvet-lined Watch pocket.
14. Premier Fountain-Pen Holder, in upper left hand pocket.
15. Premier Autocrat Detachable Vestee with gold-plated pins.



TROUSERS

16. Premier Inside Document Pocket with Buttoned Flap.
17. Premier Silk-Looped Belt Slide, holds the Belt in front.
18. Premier Handy Pencil Holder at right side hip pocket.
19. Premier Subway Slides—give that snug-fitting hip.
20. Premier Ready Adjustment Bottom—straight finish, soft turn-up or permanent cuff—your choice—in a trice.
21. Premier Guaranteed Hole-proof Side-Pockets. Cannot wear through. These pockets have two additional features. (a) They are shaped to follow the form of the hand, (b) the contents positively cannot slip out should the wearer adopt reclining position.
22. Premier Key-Compartment in Left side pocket.
23. Premier Belt to match suit with clever and novel adjustment. The 34 waist can be made a 32 or 36 without a pucker at the waistband.
24. Premier Velvet-lined Watch Pocket with new idea guard, right side.
25. Premier Small Change Pocket, left side.
26. Premier Satin Hanger.
27. Premier Drawer Supporter, patented.
28. Premier Security Jewel-Pocket Inside of waistband with novel button lock.
29. Premier Dress Pearl Buttons on Watch and Change Pockets, give that finished toney look.
30. Premier Bill-roll Compartment, inside—right-hand Pocket.



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Maxwell 774

HEARD IN BOTANY:

Mr. Bonser—Describe the instincts of these insects.

A. D.—I haven't them.

Miss McNitt—Howard, give an example of an epigram.

Howard Dennison—Beneath this stone my wife doth lie. She's now at rest, and so am I.

Miss E. Kaye—Donald, what was the most important land engagement of the 1812 war?

D. Hamilton (asleep)—The presidential election.

Bessie Rhodes (translating from the "Curse of Dido," Latin VIII)—Will the others sieze the ship from the stockyards (shipyards)?

Mr. Sawtelle (Eng.)—Do you know Shakespeare well?

Sherman Grier—G'wan, yuh can't kid me. Shakespeare's dead.

L. D. (in Eng. VIII)—A cool breeze chased through the trees after a hot, dusty day.

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Service *and*

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A Complete Line of Rawlings Baseball Goods

Both Phones

New Location
S. 208 Howard Street



LOOK FOR THE
QUALITY MARK

TRU-BLU BRAND

Crackers and Fancy Biscuits
Sixty Varieties

Manufactured by

Inland Empire Biscuit Co.
SPOKANE

Show the N. C. H. Spirit by Using Your Cards.

Dont Forget the
HARMON
MILLINERY
in making a selection in
a new hat

Old hats made new. Plumes
Cleaned, Dyed and Curled
also Shapes Reblocked
and Cleaned

Harmon Millinery
Miss Sadie Harmon
Maxwell 2519
01817 Division Street

Phone Glenwood 1586. Music
for all Occasions.

Bevier's
ORCHESTRA

RAYMOND K. BEVIER, Violinist and
Manager

702 Alice Avenue

SPOKANE

BALKAN WAR SONG.

Hurrah, hurrah, we'll sing the jubilee!
Hurrah, hurrah, the flag that sets us
free!

So we'll sing the chorus from Zuenk
quiph to the sea,

While we go marching through Skyl-
pogwoynifzixmifquobjifhof.

—Adapted.

This is the Chap that put the
"Ease" in feet



LAFE TROYER, Manager of the
Factory Shoe Store
714 1-2 Riverside

We have just what you want at
\$2.50 and \$2.75

TRANSFERRED.

When Jack told Gladys of his love
The color left her cheeks;
But on the shoulders of Jack's coat
It showed for several weeks.

Use Your Tamarack Cards.

BOYS! Just **Think**

**How good a cool plunge and swim at the
'Y' would make you feel on a hot afternoon**

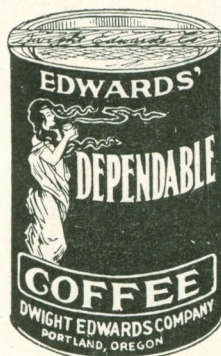
One Dollar per Year

**We take Pleasure in
Supplying Spokane
with Absolutely Pure
Dairy Products**



**Pine Creek
DAIRY CO.**

**It Costs You Nothing
to try "DEPENDABLE
Coffee"**



We guaran-
tee it to be
satisfactory
in every re-
spect. If
for any rea-
son you are
dissatisfied
after using
one-half or
three-quar-
ters of the

can, return it to me and I will
refund your money.

A. W. Millar

Cor. Nora and Division

*Hot Sandwiches,
Milk, Coffee, etc.*

*Ice Cream and
Soft Drinks*

IVES' HIGH SCHOOL LUNCHES
01816 Howard Street

*High Grade Confectionery
School Supplies*

*Leave parcels or books in our care
at any time*

Be True to N. C. H. S. Boost Those Who Boost N. C. H. S.

Let the "Young Man"
serve you personally.

Mr. L. B. Nisely in
charge of our young men's
business.

High grade clothing for
that sort of fellows.

English and Norfolk
models.

R. J. HURD & CO.

Riverside

at

Stevens

AN INTERPRETER NEEDED.

Dorsey McK. (in German I)—I know
what I mean, but I can't say it.

Miss Fish—What language do you
speak at home?

Elizabeth C. and William W. were
discussing the coming baseball season.

William—I think Abrams will be
our best man.

Elizabeth—Oh, Will, this is so sud-
den.

Freshie (in Latin)—"Scuta ab mil-
ites latus ut." I haven't studied my
lesson, but I think it means "Scot or
you'll be late in a minute."

Little bits of candy,
Gum and rubbers, too,
Make a class of Seniors
Act like Freshies do.

—M. D.

Is it because of Gerald's name
That he Tuttles, chuckles, chokes,
And goes into convulsions
O'er so many of the jokes?

You Should Worry!

Unless you Have the

STERLING PRINTING CO

Do your Printing. Our Solicitor will call and give
you prices at money saving figures.

01801 DIVISION ST.

Maxwell 1666

Home F1385

Give the Tamarack a Fair Show. Use Your Cards.

High School Students Should NOT Practice Deception

However, here is a suggestion. Your last summer's suit Dry Cleaned and Retailored the CRYSTAL WAY will pass for a 1913 model.
A word to the wise is sufficient

"I am your bosom friend"

CRYSTAL LAUNDRY

0701 Howard Street

Bell Phone Main 743
Home A2309

**PACIFIC
TRANSFER
CO.**

**WE CHECK BAGGAGE FROM
RESIDENCE TO DES-
TINATION**

421 AND 423 FIRST AVENUE

**You Never Eat
Poor Bread
when**

**Big
Loaf
Flour**

**is used
CENTENNIAL
MILL CO.**

Help Make the Tamarack. You Know How.

..Spring Clothes..



Suits with even a little more of the British accent than those of last season--but plainly the result of Yankee brains and needle-work.

Patterns, spirited, but not overdone. Pin checks, pin stripes and chalk stripes.

"Soft pedal" effects for conservative tastes.

Norfolks a-plenty.

Prices? Pippins at **\$15, \$18, \$20** and to **\$35.**

Most of those green and gray toppers with the bow in the back came from here, **\$3.**

Hayes & Woolley Co.

"Quality Corner"

Sprague and Stevens

'A SPRING TRAGEDY'



IN LATIN II.

Mr. Lineau—Translate "Boni leges Caesaris."

Junior—Bony legs of Caesar.

Miss Bemiss (in History I)—We are now studying Greek fables.

Freshie—Are they true?

Robert K. (in Solid Geometry)—The bases of a polyhedron are the edges running around the top.

Mr. Sanborn—My dear girl, can't you speak plainer?

Freshie—No, thir, I can't, becauth I limp when I talk.

Sophomore—The way of the transgressor is hard.

Junior—And sometimes his way is barred.

It is an honest fact that Gladys spoke some words and Mr. Sawtelle didn't "Ketcham."

Patronize the Tamarack Advertisers.

In the spring a young man's fancy seriously turns to thoughts of clothes.

Clothes for the young man must have an air, an individuality an indescribable something that means so much to the smartly dressed.

We feature young men's clothing from

"The House of Kuppenheimer"

The kind with the snap and swing, patterns and models that please. We fit.

Hats with style and quality. Shirts too, any style and almost any pattern.



Peerless
CLOTHING
COMPANY
723-725 Riverside

For the Hot Days

**TRY
OUR**

SOFT SILK COLLARS

Something new and nobby
for North Central
Boys

KING TIE SHOP
823 Riverside

BIG SHOW

5c

**Drop in and Enjoy a
Pleasant Hour's
Entertainment**

ARCADE
Theatre

Present Your Tamarack Cards at Every Purchase.

Telephone Main 3235
Residence Main 7399

Evening Sitzings by Appointment

CHAS. A. LIBBY

*Artistic Portraiture and
Commercial Photography*

Flashlight Work a Specialty

Granite Block
SPOKANE, WN.

School Laboratory Supplies

The C. M. Fassett Co.
(Incorporated)

CHEMICAL, METALLURGICAL
and TESTING LABORATORIES

207-9-11-13 Wall Street

SPOKANE, WN.

COMING !

CLEM THEATRE

April 27th to May 3rd

James K. Hackett

IN

**"The PRISONER
of ZENDA"**

=

Produced by

DANIEL FROHMAN

Rendered in

FOUR PARTS

Show the N. C. H. Spirit by Using Your Cards.

Just Over

Our line of imported linens is the most complete in the city.

Remember we import all of our own linens direct from Ireland.

Everything to wear for the *whole* family.

Miller, Mower & Flynn
934 Riverside

"Best Cup of Coffee on Earth"

Oakes Cafe

512-14-16 Sprague Avenue

25c Lunch

11:30 to 1:30 p. m.

35c Dinner

5 p. m. to 8 p. m.

50c Sunday Dinner

12 to 8 p. m.

Open all Night J. W. OAKES, Prop.

This Space Reserved

by
one of
our advertisers

Watch for Picture

in next issue

331 Riverside Ave.

Phone Main 4532

You Must Patronize Our Advertisers.

Nearly Three-quarters of a Million People

Have paid their little nickel to the

REX THEATRE

During the year this house has been opened.

If you miss any of the four programs that the Rex shows each week, you miss the best there is in photo plays.

Become a Rexite. It pays.

"The apparel often proclaims the man."

A young man owes it to himself to dress well.

Try dressing better and see if it doesn't pay.

Correct apparel for young men at

CHICAGO CLOTHING CO.

Paulsen Building

Clayman's

Why Should You Worry?

About the hot weather
When you can drop in at
Clayman's and refresh
yourself with one of our
cool drinks.

For something extra refreshing try the

Tamarack Special

Take her a box of our
candy next time you go.

Meet your friend at

CLAYMAN'S

614
RIVERSIDE

Leslie Rowell, Circulation Manager of the Tamarack, on behalf of the Tamarack, expresses his thanks to Sartori & Wolff for the interest they have taken in the Tamarack and North Central by giving the nice Circulation Cup, recently won by the Class of January '14 for having the largest percentage of circulation to the Tamarack.

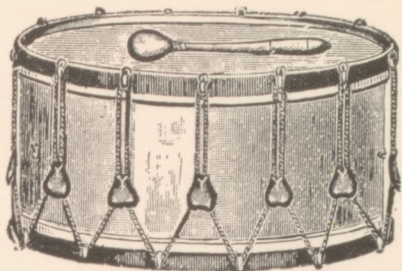
Richard Mauer expresses his thanks to Sartori & Wolff on behalf of the Senior B Class for the Circulation Cup recently given by them.

GIRLS ATTENTION

The Florence Upstairs Store is going to give The Tamarack 10% on all sales at which Tamarack cards are presented. Now girls its up to you to see that they get the cards.

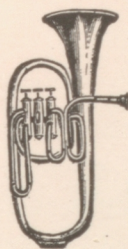
Ed Shears---Art what do you thiuk of my argument?

Art Jones---It is sound; altogether sound (Art looked pleased); in fact, it is nothing but sound! (Art is still hunting a brick.)



BAND

INSTRUMENTS of ALL KINDS



**We make a
Specialty
of Equipping
Full Bands**

but if you only want one instrument, you should call and see us. We give the same careful attention to all.

Everything absolutely guaranteed and besides we save you money.

Drums, Drum Heads and Drummer's Traps.

All the late Sheet Music, 15c per copy

EMPIRE Music House

"Things Musical"

406 Sprague Ave. SPOKANE

Be Fair to the Tamarack by Showing Your Cards.

-lumber service

=

--when you need lumber, doors
sash or boxes
just telephone

Main 290
A 2920

and ask for

Desk #5

--our salesman will quote
you prices, take the order
and tell you when the ma-
terial will be at your house.
--you may rely on his prom-
mise; the material will be
there.

=

Desk No. 5 is at your service
every week day from seven
in the morning until
six at night.

=

PHOENIX
LUMBER COMPANY
348 Wall Street
near Post street bridge

"Out on second" yelled Coach Moyer
"Aha, another base act," murmured
Curly Spadon.

AT THE GAME

Gladys---"What do they do when a
man trips on the bag?"

Jack Abrams---"Call it a basic precip-
itation."

He drove her from Hob, the wretch;
wait a minute---He drove her in a new
Cole six.

Don't forget to get your tickets for the
"American Citizen" early as they are
going to go fast.

Who is your favorite author?
My father.
What did he ever write?
Checks.

A POEM

Rubber! This is not poetry.
The printer just set it up
This way to fool you,
Don't you feel cheap?

"Bob and Roy"

Two high school students, while at school,

Each day did humor a "whim."

They thought of a chance, in the business world,

'Twas up to them "to win."

Then good Dame Fortune said to them,

I'll give them a nut to crack,

I'll send them out to solicit "ads"

For the good old "TAMARACK."

They then came to the "UPSTAIRS STORE,"

ROY HUNTER and BOB TATE,

They proved to us,—with their smooth talk,

An "ad" would "compensate."

Said ROY and BOB: "Each lady knows"

She will save HALF and more,

On a Spring SUIT, COAT, DRESS and HAT,

At the Florence UPSTAIRS STORE.

Now, don't forget "to bring your card"

To the FLORENCE UPSTAIRS STORE,

We'll promise YOU the "fit" and "style"

And save you HALF and more.

THE Florence Upstairs Store

505-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-
14-15 and 16 Mohawk Bldg.

P. S.—The Tamarack gets 10% upon presentation of "card."

Suits-to-Measure the New Way

Why select the model that only half suits your taste from stereotyped fashion plates, when you can have the very model you have in mind delineated before your very eyes by our *designer* (the only one in the west). We produce superior garments that make *you* proud of them and *yourself* in them. A pattern selection of 3000 exclusive fine woolsens. Suits *designed, taped and tailored* to suit your personal taste cost \$35.00 and more.

Tailoring Department

WEIN'S

Clothing House

331 RIVERSIDE AVENUE

Miss S. E. Kaye—"Do the questions puzzle you.

Les. Rowell—"No, its the answers."

Has the "coffee grounds" for divorce if the "tea leaves?"

Fierce Lessons.

Late hours.

Unexpected company.

Nothing prepared.

Kicked out.

Use Your Tamarack Cards.

The LYRIC QUARTETTE

NOTHING BUT HARMONY

LYRIC Theatre

GOOD

Music
Singing
Pictures

Price of Ad-
mission always
the same

5c



S. 11 Howard Street

A3060

PHONES

Main 306

In the Good Old Summer Time

Ones fancy turns to cooling drinks and
refreshing Ice Cream and Sherbet.

We aim to please your fancy. You
will not be disappointed.

THE ANTLERS.

Say, Girls!

*Have you noticed the Soap
now being used in the Do-
mestic Science Department
That's*

TRY ME

*Ask your mothers to use it
at home. . . . Made in
Spokane by the*

WESTERN SOAP CO.

Good Eats

at the

High School CAFE

Three Articles

Ten Cents

Get Acquainted With All of Our Advertisers.

1100

is
the
circulation
of

the Tamarack

Help the Tamarack Grow. Patronize Our Advertisers.



WE MAKE HAIR TRIMMING
A STUDY

HOTEL VICTORIA BARBER SHOP

"THE HIGH SCHOOL SHOP"

Jos. G. Krummeck, Mgr.

ON WALL between SPRAGUE and FIRST

Be True to N. C. H. S. Boost Those Who Boost N. C. H. S.

H. J. FULLER

W. S. McEACHERN

Pacific Mercantile Press

PRINTERS---BINDERS

Our aim is to Please---a Rush Job
is Our Special Delight

MAIN

1455

ARTHUR D. JONES
BUILDING

SPOKANE
U. S. A.

THE L SYSTEM

Clothes for Young Gentlemen

Can be found in just one store in Spokane
and that store is **WENTWORTH'S**



At this popular price, \$20.00,
we show a host of new spring
"L System" Suits in plain blue
serges and cheviots as well as
pretty tan and grey pattern
effects in worsteds and cassi-
meres.

Norfolks, Double Breasted Styles, etc. either in the Ath-
letic or English models.

Come in for just a moment and we'll quickly convince
you that here are to be found the only real classy style
college garments in the city.

WENTWORTH

Clothing House

ENTRANCE: 709 Riverside